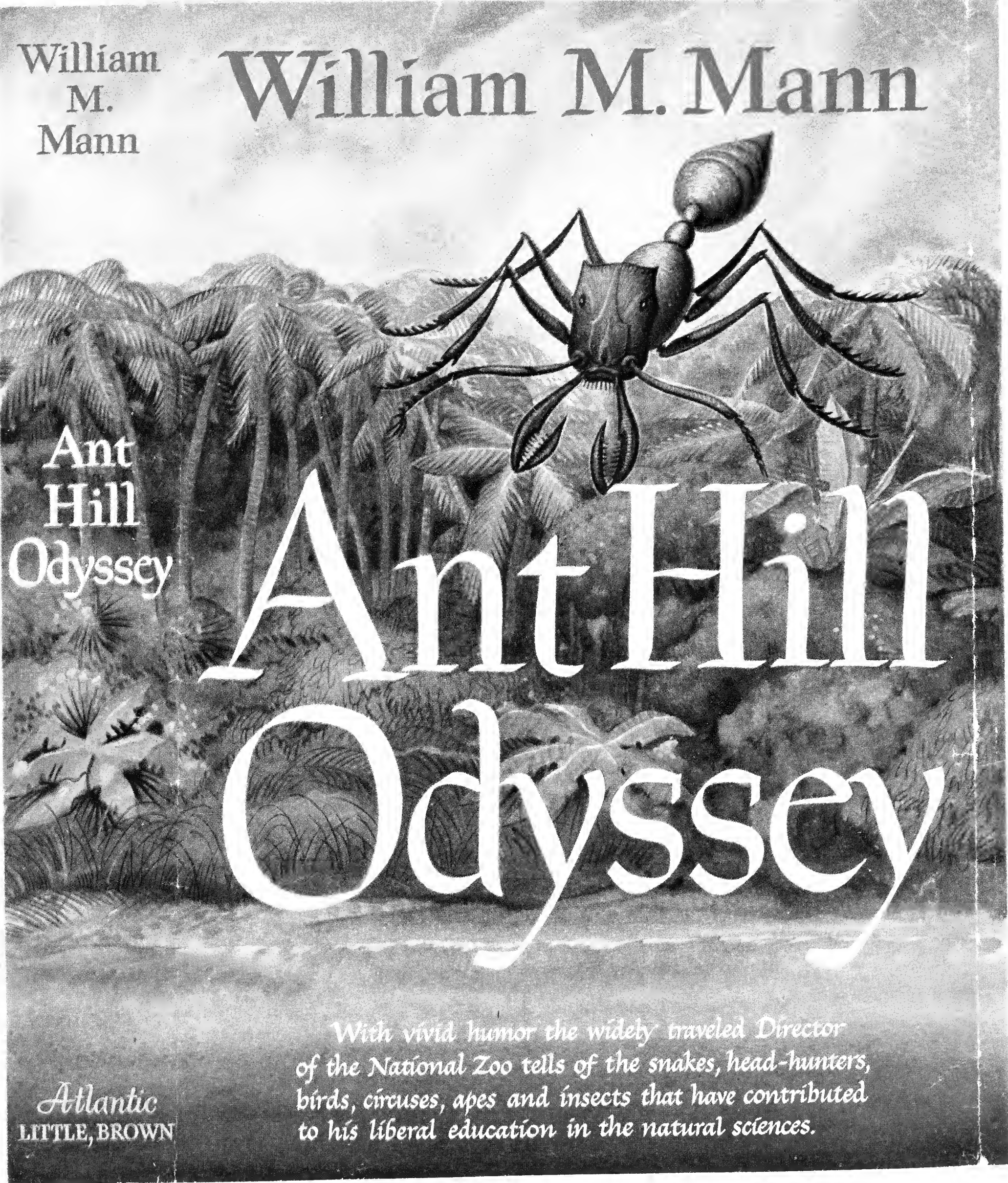


SCRAP BOOK

William
M.
Mann

William M. Mann

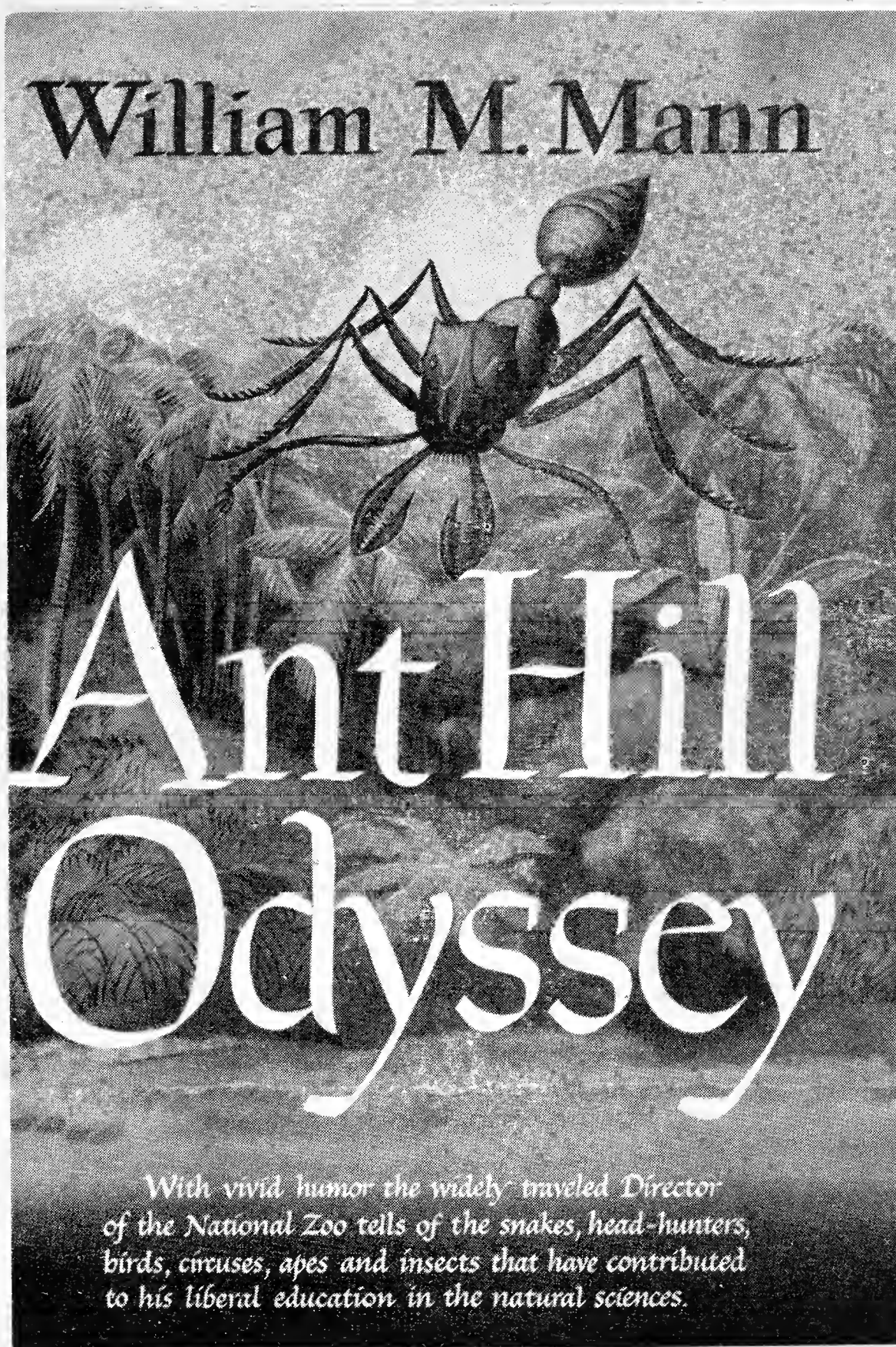
Ant
Hill
Odyssey



Ant Hill Odyssey

Atlantic
LITTLE, BROWN

With vivid humor the widely traveled Director of the National Zoo tells of the snakes, head-hunters, birds, circuses, apes and insects that have contributed to his liberal education in the natural sciences.



From Hans Zinsser and Tom Barbour to Gretchen Finletter and Agnes Keith, we have issued under the Atlantic Monthly Press the autobiographical writings of some very exceptional people. None has ranged more widely over the face of the earth and the interests of man than these delightful reminiscences of the Director of the National Zoo.

WILLIAM M. MANN is a beloved permanent figure in Washington, D. C. His friends cover the whole world, are to be found in all occupations. A leader among natural scientists, he is also one of the greatest circus fans in the United States, technical adviser to Ringling Brothers, as well as adviser to the National Geographic Society. The State Department relies on him constantly to take care of hard-to-entertain guests.

WHERE DID HE COME FROM? Mann is the son of a Helena, Montana, harness maker who was also an amateur taxidermist and collector. William Mann started his first collection at the age of four and created an aquarium in placer pans that just fitted the holes of an abandoned out-house. All through a year of boarding school he kept a pair of suckers in his room, and before he was twelve he was trading bugs with the leading entomologists of the East. Not long after he reached that ripe age he applied for and received a job as animal man in the Ringling Circus, but Charles Ringling persuaded him to give it up and get an education.

WHERE DID HE GO? Eventually he went to Washington State College and Stanford University, where he became acquainted with some of the leading naturalists of the time. One of them hired him to collect beetles in Arizona, and urged him to go to Harvard. After expeditions to South America, Asia Minor, Haiti and the Pacific Islands he received his doctorate and joined the Department of Agriculture as research entomologist. . . . But the education of a naturalist is only the framework for a life story as rich and savory as any you or your customers have read in many a day.

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

5 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 7 $\frac{7}{8}$. Cloth. 5 maps; 8 pages of photographs. About 360 pages. \$3.50

November 9

— 14 —

Little Brown Catalogue

MONDAY, OCTOBER 18,

Book Notes

Beetles and Circuses

William M. Mann, whose enthusiasm for circuses almost equals that for animals, writes the story of his life in "Ant Hill Odyssey," which will appear in November under Little, Brown imprint. A collector of beetles and lizards since the age of four, Mr. Mann got a job with the Ringling Brothers circus at twelve, and held it until, at the urging of Charles Ringling, he decided an education might be valuable. After many years of traveling about the globe, he became director of the national zoo. His story-telling ability is attested by the fact that the State Department often relies on him to entertain its difficult guests.

N.Y. Herald-Tribune

Books Published Today

ANT HILL ODYSSEY, by William M. Mann (Atlantic: Little, Brown, \$3.50). Reminiscences by the Director of the National Zoo in Washington.
DEOAS DANCE DRAWING, by Paul Valery (Lear: Crown, \$5). A study of the French painter, illustrated with four hand-painted plates.
EASTWICK, U.S.A., by Howard Hush (Dutton, \$3). Experiences as a social worker.
EUROPEAN IDEOLOGIES: A Survey of Twentieth Century Political Ideas, by Feliks Gross, with an introduction by Robert M. MacIver (Philosophical Library, \$12).

N.Y. Times

Nov. 9-

FRANK J. MULKERN
THE KENNEDY-WARREN
3133 CONNECTICUT AVENUE
WASHINGTON 8, D. C.

Nov. 10, 1948

Dr William Mann
2801 Adams Mill Road

Dear Bill: Forgot to mail enclosed with my critique.
All animals seemed pleased, except one, by your book. The
chimp's facial expression seems to be a bit dubious. No
one, chimp or critic can prevent the successful reception
by the public of a most interesting tale.

Frank Mulkern

Frank Mulkern

Reading and Writing

Dr. Mann Pauses in His Zoological Tracks to Write an Autobiography



His job, life and hobby are animals.

By Mary McGrory

Probably the most contented civil servant in Washington is Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, whose job, life and hobby are animals. The gray-haired monitor of 3,000 specimens of some of the most gazed-at wild life in captivity lives within a lion's roar of his office, just across the street at 2301 Adams Mill road N.W., a happy circumstance which allows him "to sleep 20 minutes later than any Government employee."

Even congressional appropriations hearings—nightmares for most Government department heads—are pleasant for the genial presiding genius of the Zoo. When budget time comes around he goes up on the Hill and all is cordiality and curiosity about his charges from Congressmen who have been his delighted guests. In such an atmosphere, purse strings generally loosen.

An Amazing Office.

Dr. Mann's office, strikingly different from the usual Government cubicle, looks more like the much-visited office of a country doctor or lawyer. It's a rather dimly lit room on the second floor of the historic administration building of the Zoo, and there's no crushing receptionist to discourage the steady stream of visitors, high and low, who seek out the world-famous naturalist.

One wall from floor to ceiling is covered with books and the rest of the space is filled with a conglomeration of books, magazines and stuffed specimens arranged in scientific disarray, where the doctor can put his hands on them easily. On the mantle are several gourds he brought back from the tropics and a statue of a rain god. Over it is a portrait of a particularly resentful looking lion. Scattered around are revolving bookshelves, filing cabinets and tables piled high with various scientific volumes and National Geographic magazines. Over in the corner is Dr. Mann's rather battered rolltop desk. Prominently placed on it is a picture of his wife, Lucille Quarry Mann. There's a sturdy brass spittoon under the desk and an ancient hatrack in another corner.

As informal and unpretentious as his surroundings, Dr. Mann, who is one of Washington's most eagerly lionized personalities, sought after by Senators and circus folks, scientists, actors, reporters and children, is keen but kindly, with rumpled gray hair and quizzical brown eyes sparkling behind rimless glasses. He chain smokes, lighting one cigarette from another, alternating his preferred brand with mentholated ones.

After 23 years on the job he retains his first enthusiasm for his 175-acre woodland domain and its inhabitants. Every morning he makes the rounds of the animal houses. How long does that take? "I won't tell you," he said cheerfully. "I don't want the Government to know how much time I spend visiting the Zoo." One day a lion, which always favored him with the unseeing stare of "the dowager for the gutter-bred," "spoke" to him—actually grunted, he reports. He was so edified he rushed right across the street to tell Mrs. Mann about it.

Dr. Mann is feeling particularly chipper these days because he has just finished the first volume of his autobiography, which is entitled "Ant-Hill Odyssey," and will be

published on November 9. Curiously enough it won't be about the Zoo. He'll have to write two more to cover that. This one will take him up to his first Government job with the Bureau of Entomology. It describes his boyhood in Helena, Mont., where he was born in 1886; his education at Staunton Military Academy (he first worked at the Zoo during an enforced vacation caused by a fire there), the State College of Washington, Stanford and Harvard. It will also clear up the apocryphal story that he once worked for the circus. He loves them and has traveled with them, but only as a guest. He still has the letter that Charles Ringling sent in response to his application for a job: "Would advise a boy your age to choose some other line of occupation as more desirable in every respect."

Never Grew Up.

During his youth he loved animals and collected specimens. "My boyhood was like any other boy's," says Dr. Mann, "except I never outgrew it."

In his three years' labor on the book he had the help and advice of his wife, a former woman's magazine editor who has three books on animals to her credit.

She has accompanied him on every one of his animal hunting expeditions, which have been frequent and far-flung, since their marriage. She has also reared the wild young things rejected by their mothers, which her husband has brought home to her. They have included baby lions, tigers and a warthog.

This will not be Dr. Mann's first literary venture. A contributor to the Library of Congress quarterly book list and to scientific magazines, he is the author of "Wild Animals In and Out of the Zoo," which he says has three good things about it: It has a handsome binding, is too expensive for his scientific friends to buy and enabled me to take my wife on a hunting expedition.

For diversion he likes Gilbert and Sullivan songs, but says his voice is so bad he never sings them, except in the jungle, and even then "it's so terrible I annoy myself."

Visitors and a report from abroad: Sol Bloom, veteran representative from New York, interrupted his brisk campaign for reelection long enough to do a little campaigning in behalf of his recently published autobiography. Natty and affable as ever, he autographed books in a downtown book store, priding himself on his dashing penmanship and a completely different inscription for every customer. . . . Stanley Walker, one of the great city editors of all time, who wrote a book about the subject that is just about classic, passed through the Capital over the week end, en route to his ranch in Lampasas, Tex. He said over the telephone he has two long-term book projects in the works: One a study of Texas, which will take four or five years; another of an oil company, which will take three. . . . An underground report from England advises that Kay Summersby's chatty wartime memoirs, "Eisenhower Was My Boss," is being "virtually burned" over there for its criticism of the beloved "Monty." . . . Meanwhile, Miss Summersby's ex-boss, President Eisenhower of Columbia, that is, will have his book, "Crusade in Europe," published on November 22.

Times Herald

Nov. 7-1948

Eve's Rib

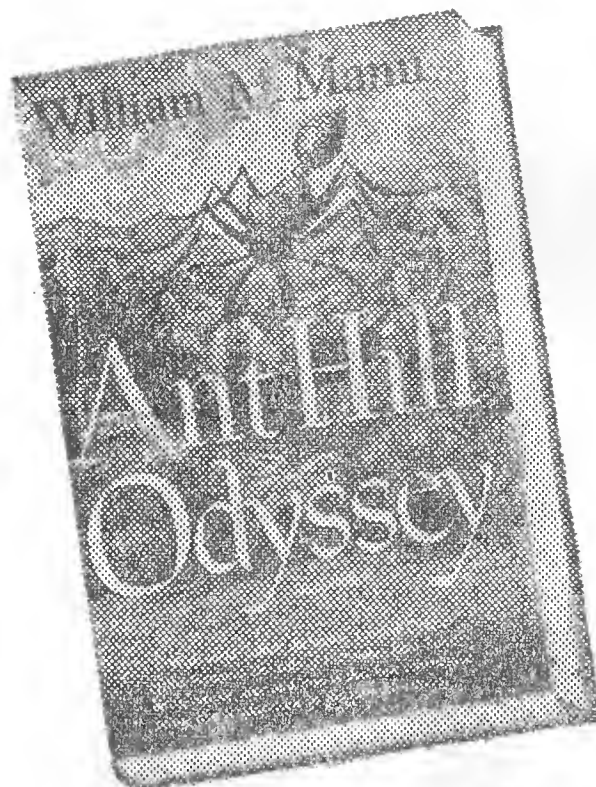
By
Eve Robert

I GOT an exciting letter about Dr. William Mann's new book. The book hasn't come out as yet, but I hope he tells in it most of the things he's told me over the years. About how his angel wife, Lucy, kept the baby tiger when it was ailing and hundreds of other tales.

He told me once about being in the jungle looking for "the missing link." Someone had seen a "wild man" and an expedition was formed to go looking for him.

One night just at dusk, as the party was sitting around the campfire, sure enough there skulked a huge man, nude, with white skin, long, shaggy hair, and wild as any wild animal. But he seemed very curious. Dr. Mann was trying to think of a way to trap him. While he was thinking, a French member of the expedition got so excited that he walked toward the wild creature waving a big white handkerchief to prove he was friendly.

Whatever the thing was, he didn't understand French truce terms, and tearing off into the jungle, his rear end was the last Dr. Mann ever saw of the "half man, half ape."



Ant Hill Odyssey

Delightful Reminiscences of
Washington's "Doc" Wm. M. Mann
Director of the National Zoo

Published today is a vividly humorous account of the widely traveled Director of the National Zoo. A diverting tale of the snakes, circuses, head-hunters, and collectors who have contributed to Dr. Mann's 'liberal' education in natural sciences.

\$3.50

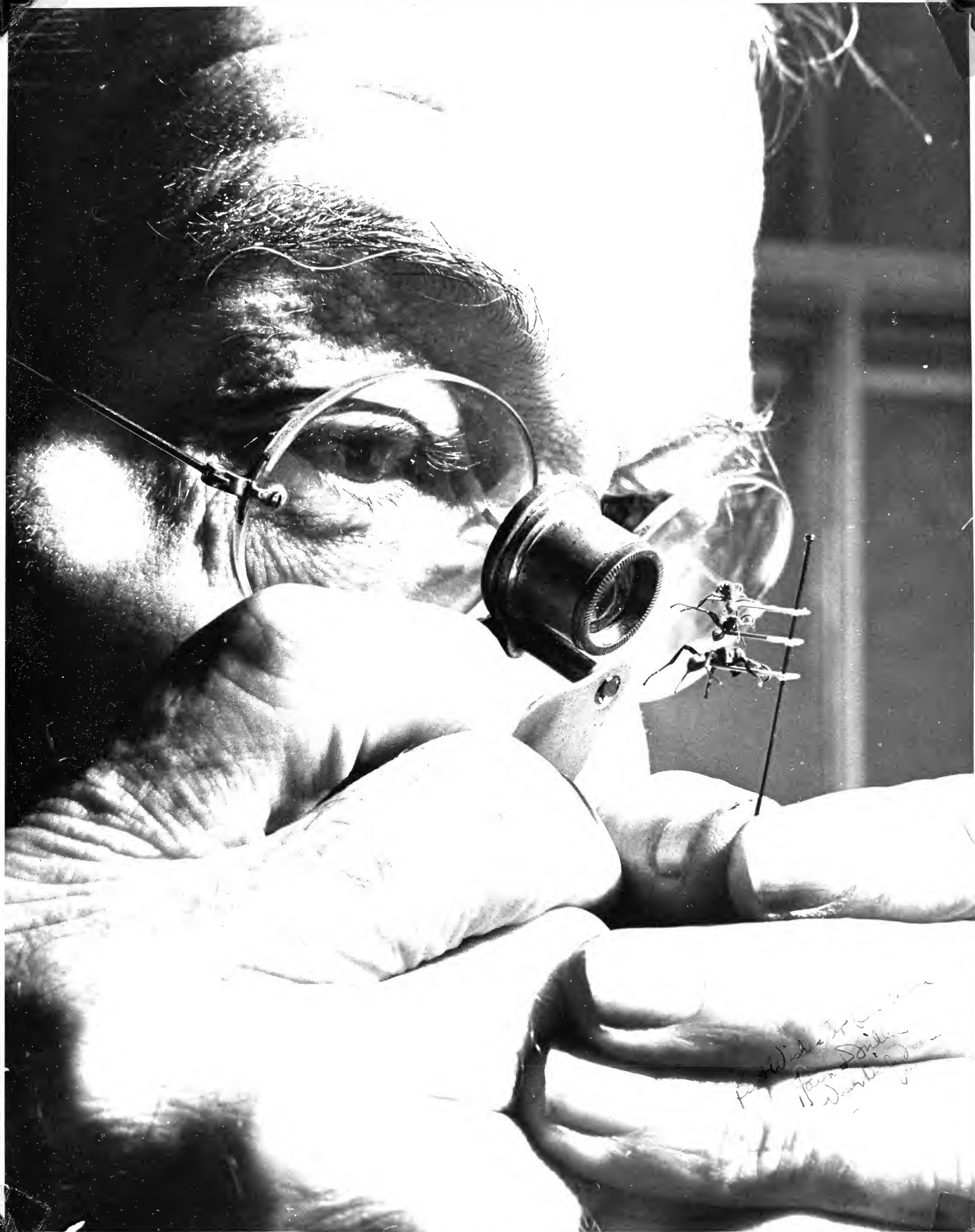
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REpublic 3646

Wash. Post -
Nov. 8 - 48



Examination of the
fruit fly
15 March 1954



—News Staff Photo by Aaron Miller.

Mann With Ants

After years of close observation, Zoo Director William H. (Doc) Mann has written a book about ants and Doc Mann. Here, Doc peers curiously at his central character, murmuring enthusiastically, "Hold still, stop wiggling all your feet in my face . . . What mandibles! What antennae! What a household pest!" (For more on ants and Doc Mann, see Mr. Donnelly on Page 37.)

Wash. Daily News - Nov. 11 -



Go to the Ant, Thou Sluggard, With a Lamb Bone

By TOM DONNELLY

AS one day every man must, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoo, has written a book. It is called "Ant Hill Odyssey" (published by Little, Brown and Company) and, as you might expect from the title, it is all about ants.

There is virtually nothing in it about the Zoo, for Dr. Mann has thriftily saved his one million anecdotes about lions and monkeys in captivity and the amusing habits of the aardvark for a later volume.

At his office yesterday Dr. Mann was more or less constantly occupied with the telephone. "No, madam, it couldn't be a copperhead. It sounds like a black snake, quite harmless. He'll probably be a big help to you, eating up the mice around the place."

Dr. Mann is cheerfully patient with the anxious pet lovers who call up for information on how to doctor a sick cat or how to keep a parrot from pulling out its feathers, but he was furiously annoyed with the jokester who demanded, at regular intervals, to speak to Mr. Camel E. Hump.

WHEN interviewing people engaged in unusual occupations, like girl steeplejacks or male midwives, it is customary to ask them what drove them to their particular lines of work. This is a question I have never heard satisfactorily answered. In Dr. Mann's case there was no need to ask it, however, for his book reveals that he has been passionately devoted to all forms of animal life, including rattlesnakes, almost since birth.

Dr. Mann's was probably the most spectacularly all-American boyhood on record. He was born in Helena, Mont., in 1886, went on hunting trips with his father at the age of 7, and a few years later ran away from home and got a job on a ranch. Communication was a hazardous thing in those days, and five months had passed before his mother discovered where he was.

Altho she might well have been embittered by this escapade, particularly since an insane alcoholic had told the world that he had wantonly murdered the runaway William, she not only allowed him to return to the family circle but later on let him take a job with a circus.

The early part of "Ant Hill Odyssey" is filled with such tantalizing bits as: "Next door to us in Helena lived Emma Huffer, the first socialist I ever knew. She explained to me that eventually all races would be quite the same, and that this would be brought about by the Japanese."

Dr. Mann cannot now remember just what Emma's notion was, apart from the fact that she imagined the Japanese would spread to the four corners of the globe, marrying like mad as they spread.

THE innumerable Washington housewives who are even now doing battle with the hordes of baby ants which infest kitchens in this part of the world, should be held spellbound by such passages as this, from the section of Dr. Mann's book dealing with his experiences as an ant hunter in Brazil:

"GO TO THE ANT, THOU SLUGGARD; CONSIDER HER WAYS AND BE WISE . . ."
—Solomon, Proverbs VI. 6

"In the evening would come columns of army ants, sometimes into the houses, to be fled from by the human inhabitants till they had completed exploring the quarters and marched away, carrying cockroaches and other insects. They would do a thoro job of housecleaning, tho we did not appreciate it when we had to sit outside in the rain for half the night."

By the way, Dr. Mann has what he insists is an almost surefire recipe for getting rid of Washington ants. Just put a lamb bone on your drain board, ladies, wait till several hundred ants have swooped down upon it with wriggles of ecstasy, and then pour boiling water over the whole. This will not only destroy 90 per cent of the pests, but the survivors will pass along the word that this house is a good house to get out of.

It was Dr. Mann who introduced the *Combophora beski* to the civilized scientific world. This is an insect which has "a large, thin, shell-like structure, armed with spines, mottled in color, and actually larger than the rest of the insect. It may resemble in miniature a Roman helmet, an anchor, or a pawn-broker's sign." It is perhaps the most elusive of insects for, when captured, it simply leaves its shell behind and hops off to safety.

Plenty of naturalists still do not believe in the *Combophora beski*.

Ask a silly question and you get a silly answer, the sages tell us. Dr. Mann, seeking a suitable explanation for the institution known as cannibalism, asked a Fiji islander: "Why did you eat men?"

He got the laconic reply: "To have some meat with our vegetables."

BOOKS AND THINGS

By LEWIS GANNETT

ANT HILL ODYSSEY. By William M. Mann. Little, Brown. 338 pages. \$3.50.

IF "SUCCESS is doing what you like to do and making a living out of it," then William M. Mann, director of the National Zoo in Washington, must be one of the world's greatest successes. He began, as a small boy, making pets of toads and snakes and dreaming of the circus, and, in one way or another, he has been playing with animals ever since. His specialty is ants.

A Small Boy in Helena, Mont.

The Helena, Mont., public library's copy of that great book, Dan Beard's "American Boy's Handy Book," was his Bible as a boy trapper, and the copy of Mayne Reid's "Afloat in the Forest" which came to him as a prize for perfect attendance at the Baptist Sunday School inflamed his imagination. Before he was twelve Bill Mann had a summer job as a cowherd, and spent his days collecting small animals.

One evening as he was driving the cows home he soiled a little bushy-tailed black-and-white animal, and was so excited watching his first skunk that he brought the cows home an hour late. The boss was angry; twelve-year-old Billy Mann picked up his gun and his only 25 cents and started off toward the Pacific Ocean. It was five and a half months before his mother saw Billy again. It hadn't occurred to him that his mother might worry; still less that an alcoholic madman in the local jail might have added to her worries by confessing that he'd killed a boy in the mountains and left him for the coyotes to eat. Billy had been ranching, and having fun.

Trouble in the Bug Business

Mother thought that school might do Billy some good. Billy kept his pet sucker fish and crawfish in his room all his first winter at Professor Lyon's boarding school in Spokane, but his night-croaking tree frogs were outlawed to the back porch. It was in Spokane that Billy began collecting insects and snakes with a cyanide bottle. His cyanide bottle got him into trouble in Chicago—Chicago's vacant lots were and still are, he says, the most productive snake-hunting fields he has ever found. But urban snake-hunting looked suspicious to a Chicago po-

liceman, who took Billy and his companions to the station house, frisked them, and wanted to know what the boys were doing with deadly poison.

"Are you in the drug business?" the cop asked.

"No, the bug business," Billy replied, and the officer didn't think it funny. Billy Mann still does.

At Staunton Military Academy, in Virginia, Billy continued collecting snakes, and demonstrated to himself, by experiment, that the bite of the copperhead is not fatal. After he discovered that Latin and other foreign languages were helpful in identifying snakes and beetles, he turned into a good student.

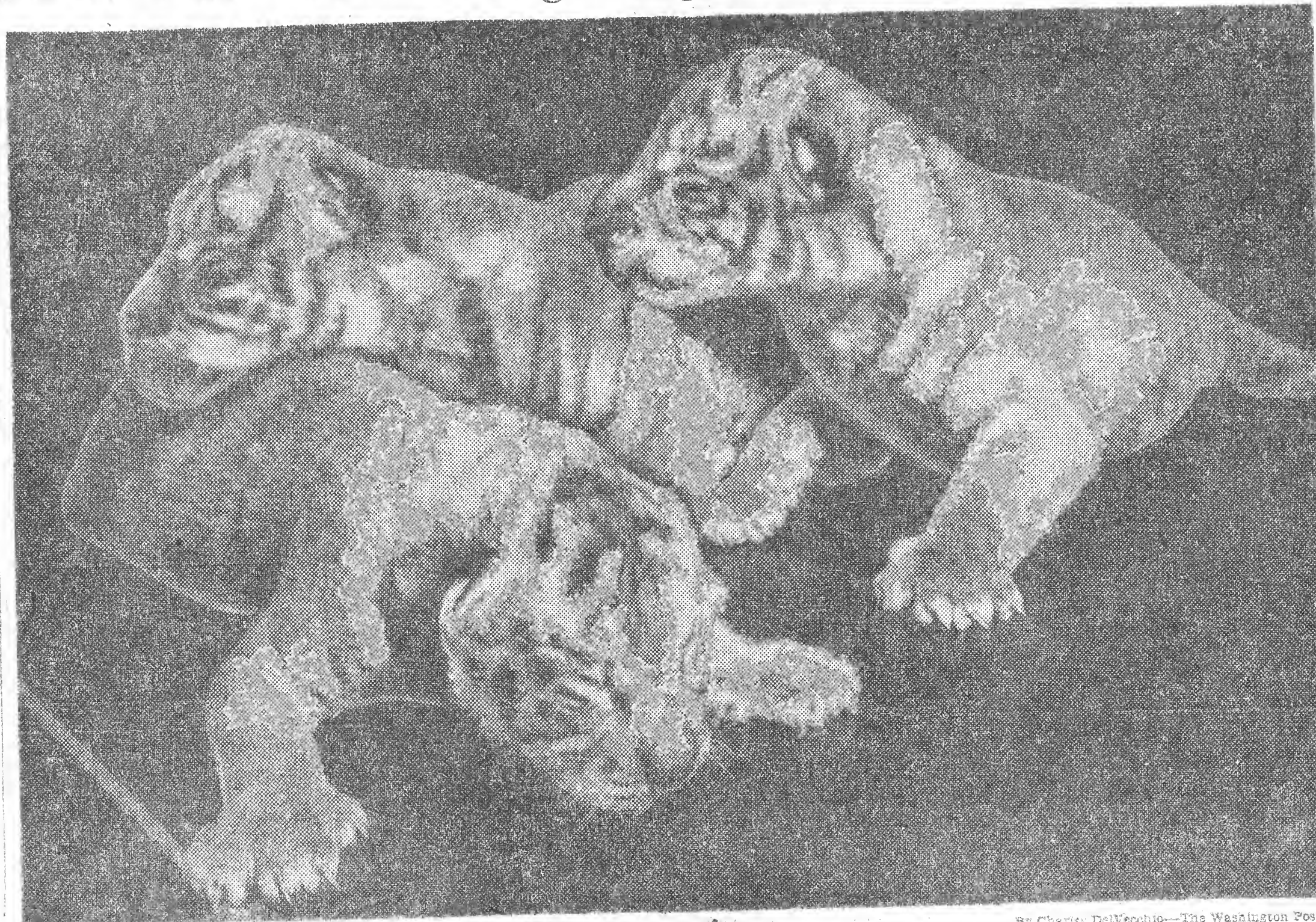
Boy With a Destiny

He got a summer job in the Texas Panhandle, planning to save his money and raise gnus for circuses. Instead he bought books, mostly about snakes, and collected snakes, live and pickled. He became a correspondent of most of the museums in the country, and soon shifted his center of attention to insects. It was a proud day when he discovered that he had collected a wasp new to science, and that Harvard's greatest entomologist had named the species after him, *Oxybellus manni*. Billy Mann was not yet twenty.

In the next ten years Billy Mann finished college at the University of Washington and at Leland Stanford and went on to a doctorate (in ants) at Harvard, meanwhile straying off to southern Arizona to collect rare "purple beetles, to Brazil (a country which he describes as "one great ant nest"), to Haiti for more ants, to Mexico for hummingbird moths, to Egypt for spiny mice, to the Fiji Islands for click beetle fireflies and all over the Solomons, then still head-hunters' country, for tree ants and lace-trimmed frogs. And so, at thirty, to the first job which had ever paid him more than \$600 a year.

This is the story Dr. William M. Mann tells in his "Ant Hill Odyssey," with communicative gusto and a rich sense that no young man, driving toward his destiny, ever had a better time in life. Sometimes, telling of his further wanderings, he slips into writing just another travel book; but when he is telling of himself, an eager boy with an exact passion for animals, his pen flies, and the reader shares the boy's excitements.

First Picture of Zoo's Bengal Tiger Cubs



MOTHERED BY A PUMA—The Washington Zoo's three Bengal tiger cubs, born Sunday to Ben and Gal, are doing nicely, as is plain to see, in this, their first picture. Dr. William Mann, Zoo director, has high hopes of their living to break a 20-year record.

None of three litters born at the Zoo in that time have lived because their mother "killed them with kindness" carrying them around in her mouth. The newest litter has been given to a puma for nursing.

Zoo Director Writes of Life Up to '16 in 'Ant Hill Odyssey'

To his many other activities, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoo, has added autobiography.



At 62 years of age, chain-smoking, twin-kle-eyed "Doc" Mann has taken a backward glance in his newly published "Ant Hill Odyssey."

The 338-page book, reflecting the personality that has won him hosts of friends, carries the story of his life up to 1916, when he first entered Federal employment as an entomologist with the United States Bureau of Entomology.

His starting salary was \$1800 a year and "incredible." "The only time I had ever really wallowed

in wealth was when, as fly-catching assistant at the Harvard Medical School, I had been paid \$50 a month," he writes.

In the 30 years before going to work for the Government, Mann had made a number of trips to various parts of the world to collect specimens, and these trips are described in the book.

On one of these expeditions he heard a Fiji Islander refer to a cake as being "as tough as Dr. Baker's boots." Curious as to the origin of this expression, Mann learned that Dr. Baker had been a missionary who had been consumed by cannibals.

A leg encased in a Wellington boot had been sent to one village headman, who had enjoyed the delicacy but complained of the toughness of the "skin." When the more sophisticated natives learned that the backwoods headman had eaten the boot too, they enjoyed the story so much that it had become a proverb.

Mann's travels began in childhood. Born in Montana, where his parents had gone by covered wagon, he ran away from cowherding when 12 years old to live on a ranch for a time.

Mann's father was a "harness maker, something of an inventor, and an amateur taxidermist," who died when the boy was 7. Possibly Dr. Mann's interests were shaped by the paternal interest in taxidermy. At any rate, at the age of 4 he was collecting small animal life, and he was still in his youth when a species of ant was named for him, "Formica Manni."

Whether he will bring his story up to date in another volume, Mann doesn't know.

"It is a relief to have this one done," he added, "after playing at it off and on for a couple of years."

MRS. ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY

4C, 311 E. 72nd ST.

NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

November 8 - '48.

Dear Lucile + Bill:

We are thrilled with your book, which Bob brought home recently. I dumped all my duties + read it through. - As we were in Fiji last year, that part thrilled me, but all of the book is extremely interesting.

I write to you both because I want to tell you both how often our pleasant Zoo luncheon with you comes into my mind.

All good wishes,

Grace Murphy.

1719 N STREET

Nov. 9, 1948

Dear Bill:

Sharen't read it all yet -
it's just published today - but it
is a great job. Congratulations.
And I thought that 2005 and
air cases were your top
adventures!

Sincerely,

Walter Davis

bertram shrier, ltd. Nov. 9 - 1948

To my dear Author and
Friend Bill -

Keep flying high -

Bea



ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

BOOK NEWS

FOR RELEASE

UPON RECEIPT

We've just received such a good letter about our forthcoming ANT HILL ODYSSEY from Mr. Joseph W. Lippincott that I felt you'd be interested to read what another publisher has to say about this unusual book. Mr. Lippincott writes:

"To me, as one who has also collected for museums, hunted in far countries and studied nature in general over the best part of a lifetime, this is a very fascinating book. Dr. Mann's experiences in the field and elsewhere, during various steps by which he rose to fame as a scientist, make the kind of reading which anyone interested in natural science, adventure and travel cannot afford to miss. There is nothing dry about it; he has avoided anything that was stuffy in the collecting of insects, mammals and reptiles. He has never overdramatized the events and he has missed no iota of the delightful humor which invariably characterizes work of this kind. It is indeed an Odyssey. The Odyssey of a man whose life was dedicated to collecting knowledge the hard way. That answers his particular hobby only adds to the entertaining accounts of the capture of other wild creatures desired by museums and zoos. It is a story of success in a big and fascinating field. Dr. Mann can well look back on his exploits with satisfaction, and at the same time feel that his life story, as covered by the book, will please and encourage others who look to the outdoors for their recreation or their life's work."

Dr. William C. Mann is Director of the National Zoological Park, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. ANT HILL ODYSSEY (Atlantic-Little, Brown) will be published November 9, 1948.

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November 10, 1948

Dear Bill:

There isn't any way to tell how your book is going to go yet except for the few straws in the wind that your friends and those who happen to have seen copies have shown us. So far we have sold just about 2,000 copies, but we have had good letters from John Kieran, Joseph Wharton Lippincott and Belle Benchley, all of whom promise to spread the good word, and a letter from Roger Conant at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, who says he will review it in the next issue of Fauna. You undoubtedly know that The Scientific Monthly is going to review the book. The only newspaper review we have had so far is one from Richmond, where they broke the publication date, but it ended up with a very interesting quotation: "And there are passages that will sometimes make the layman-reader think seriously of the phrase in the very old litany: 'From ... long legged beasties and all things that go boomp in the night, good Lord, deliver us'."

In another ten days we will have a better idea of what is going to happen, and in three weeks we will know the story pretty well. I haven't said anything about Washington publicity because I know you know about it.

We think often of you both. We were perfectly delighted with Dr. Campbell. Since his plans are indefinite I didn't try to pin him down to a book, but I do hope he will put himself on paper one of these days and send it our way.

Best wishes,

Stan

Dr. William M. Mann
2801 Adams Mill Road
Washington 9, D. C.

Page Six

Dr. William Mann, Native Helena Man, Has Written Recollections of Boyhood Days Into "Ant Hill Odyssey"

William M. Mann, native Helena man has written many of his recollections of Helena residents and events into his new book, "Ant Hill Odyssey," released Nov. 9 by the publishers, Little Brown & Co., Boston, and they make interesting reading. He is well known to many present residents of the city and is visited annually by several who find themselves in Washington.

These vivid reminiscences of the director of the National Zoological park, Smithsonian Institution, range widely over the face of the earth and the interests of man. Dr. Mann, beloved figure in Washington, is a leader among natural scientists and a constant adviser to government and private naturalists, as well as a popular host and raconteur. He is one of the most enthusiastic circus fans in the United States. He is a technical adviser to Ringling Brothers, and he helps with the huge Shriner's circus every year. He is an adviser as well to the National Geographic society.

Mann was born in 1886, the son of a Helena, Mont., harness-maker, who was also an amateur taxidermist and collector. He started his first bug collection at the age of four and before he was 12 he was trading bugs with the leading entomologists of the east. Not long after he reached that ripe age he applied for and received a job as animal man in the Ringling circus, but Charles Ringling persuaded him to give it up and get an education. A formal education had no appeal for Mann, but he found he could not understand the technical journals to which he had subscribed without more background. He attended Washington State college and graduated from Stanford in 1911.

At college he became acquainted with some of the leading naturalists of the time. One of these hired him to collect beetles in Arizona, and later urged him to go to Harvard for his doctorate. First, however, Mann went to Brazil with the Stanford expedition hunting ants, wasps and beetles. Then he went to Harvard as an entomological assistant as well as a

student, but his work was interrupted by a trip to Haiti for snakes and ants, and by another trip to Mexico for hummingbird moths. He trekked over the desert of Arabia, visited Auguste Forel in Switzerland and returning again to Harvard, soon left for the Pacific isles. He did achieve his doctorate from Harvard in



Dr. William M. Mann

1915. These trips were the beginning of many zoological explorations that have taken Mann to the West Indies, tropical America, Asia, Africa, Australia, South Pacific islands, and the Netherlands Indies. He has been director of the national zoo for the past 23 years.

Dr. Mann of the Zoo Looks Back Over His Lively Years

ANT HILL ODYSSEY.

By William M. Mann. (Little, Brown & Co.; \$3.50.)

Reviewed by FRANCES SHIPPEN

As far back as he can remember, Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoo, has been collecting animals. But in trotting over the face of the globe on his many expeditions he has run into people who interest him as much as his animals. There's a chuckle a page as this world-renowned naturalist tells about animals, insects, people and travel in his autobiography.

In "Ant Hill Odyssey," the first of three books on the education of a naturalist, Dr. Mann writes of the events in his life from early childhood until the time he took his first full-time job in Washington with the Department of Agriculture and the National Museum. It is a book which will appeal to every one from high school age on. For "Ant Hill Odyssey" is far different from the staid, technical work so often done by the pen of a scientist. It is the lively account of a man who finds real joy—contagious to the reader—in exploring the world for new lands, new faces—and always, new animals. Dr. Mann tells it all with that rare humor which understates and never labors a point.

For instance, he was in the Solomons when the wireless flashed the news that Charles Evans Hughes had been elected President. After that momentous message the wireless broke down. And shortly afterward, he went to a nearby island which had no wireless. "For three months," he says, "I was full of allegiance to the wrong man."

Bill Mann had the instincts of a naturalist before he was in grammar school. At the age of 5 he was collecting insects and other small animals in his native Montana. By the time he was in high school he was exchanging bugs with leading entomologists here and abroad. There were interludes in his prep-school days when he studied at the Field Museum in Chicago and worked at the National Zoo. At the Field Museum he learned how to mount beetles and other insects

and to the Near East. Among the most vivid reminiscences in Dr. Mann's book is his account of animal collecting in the Fiji and Solomons Islands, an expedition made possible by the Shelton Traveling Fellowship awarded him after he received his doctorate at Harvard.

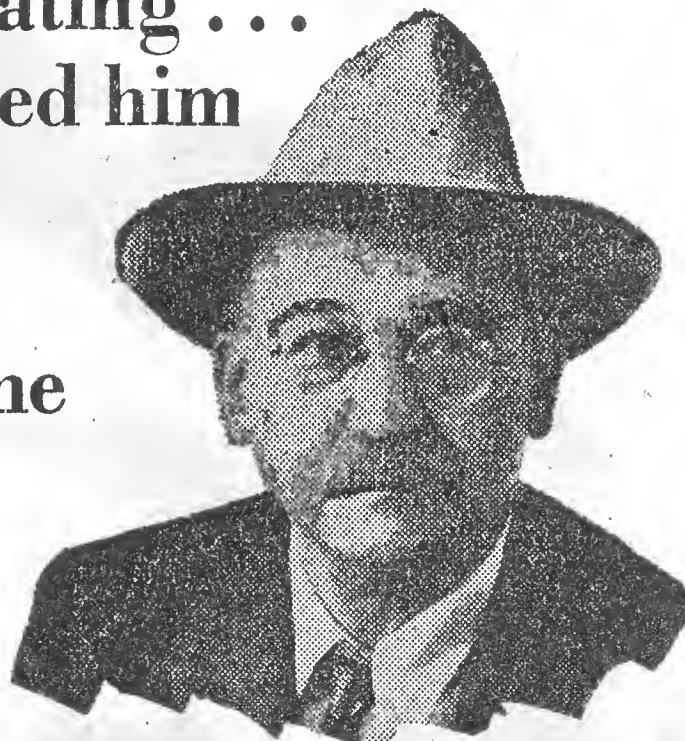
The reader has such a gay time seeing the world through Dr. Mann's eyes that it is disappointing to come to the final page. May his next book be as much fun to read.

without the use of chewing gum. At the Zoo in Washington which he was one day to head, 15-year-old Bill Mann worked as a keeper for a dollar a day.

His first expedition outside the country was to Brazil where he was sent while a student at Stanford University. He entered Harvard as an entomological assistant and student and was shortly off to Haiti to collect snakes and ants. Later he was to become one of the world's foremost authorities on ants. During his four years at Harvard he also went on expeditions to Mexico

"Fascinating . . .
I followed him
with
delight
across the
world."

—JOHN
KIERAN



Ant Hill Odyssey

By WILLIAM M. MANN

Director of the National Zoo

The Director of the National Zoo is one of the most beloved figures in Washington today, a leader among natural scientists, and a constant adviser to government and private naturalists, as well as a popular host and raconteur. Yet it is impossible to identify William Mann with any one spot on the globe or one set of associates.

It is of the world and of his friends that he tells in his book. As the reader follows his travels and exults with him in his finds, thankful at times that rare and remarkable snakes, deadly and fascinating insects are met only through the printed page, it is plain that this gentle collector will now, by means of the book, add many more friends to his world-wide collection.

Illustrated with Maps and Photographs

At all bookstores • \$3.50

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON



Washington Post
Nov. 14-1948



AT THE Anteater's luncheon yesterday, Dr. William Mann, Washington Zoo director, introduced his guest, James M. Cain (right) to the pleasures of wild duck eating. Seated at the left is Mrs. Mann. Mr. Cain,

author of "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and other novels, visited Dr. Mann to get some information on tiger cats to use in a forthcoming story

Anteaters' Feast at Zoo

Gourmets Enjoy Unusual Game

By Lucia Brown

WILD DUCK, stuffed with wild rice and basted with orange juice, was the star of the occasion yesterday when Anteaters gathered by the hundreds at the Washington Zoo.

Thus did the Anteaters—two legged type—launch a series of five wild game luncheons to be held during the fall season at the Zoo restaurant. Next week, they'll eat buffalo, and after that, bear, pheasant and venison, in the order named.

The Anteaters' Association, which includes many a prominent Washingtonian, is a club devoted solely to enjoying the fruits of rod and gun and congenial company. It was given its name, incidentally, by Dr. William Mann, Zoo director, whose predilection for ants is also shown in the title of his book, "Ant Hill Odyssey."

Formed four years ago, the club boasts no officers, no dues and no programs. And though its menus have included such strange things as green turtle steaks from the Caribbean, sturgeon and reindeer,

it never had any wild ducks until yesterday's luncheon.

To find out just how you'd go about preparing a duck feast for some 500 game gourmets, we paid a visit to the Zoo kitchen at an early hour, Tuesday. The place was literally covered with wild ducks—240 of them shipped in frozen from the North country—in various stages of baking and in the midst of it all was Gordon Leech, proprietor of the Zoo restaurant.

"It took eight men three days to pick this flock," said Mr. Leech, as we sniffed the mouth-watering aroma of onions and herbs and roasting fowl. Besides being plucked, he added, they had to be "paraffined" before serving.

Job of Plucking

"YOU melt a cake of paraffin in a couple of quarts of boiling water," he explained, "then take it from the fire and dip the ducks in the solution. The paraffin, which has gathered on top, gathers on the ducks. When it cools, you pull it off along with all the pin feathers" and incidental

fuzz.

In cleaning and preparing wild duck, it's very important not to douse them with a lot of water, said Mr. Leech. Just wipe them off with a damp cloth before stuffing. The dressing yesterday was made with cooked wild rice, chopped parsley, onion, celery, bread crumbs, poultry seasoning, salt and pepper.

Ducks were baked with such raw vegetables as turnips, celery, and onions in the pan with them, and every five minutes or so, they were basted with fresh orange juice. Drippings left in the pan were used as a base for gravy.

"We roasted our ducks about an hour, though a lot of epicures believe in cooking them only 20 minutes," said Mr. Leech. "Some people want the blood to run out when you cut them, but I don't think the majority of people like them that way."

Since Anteaters are renowned as good trenchermen, there was a man-sized menu to accompany yesterday's duck. First came a choice of grapefruit juice, tomato juice or wild duck broth. Next came a plate with half a duck, dressing,

See BROWN, Page 11, Column 1

BROWN—From Page B-10

Anteaters Luncheon

and a baked Idaho potato, flanked both by bowls of lima beans and sauerkraut. Currant jelly, celery, and olives were served, and for dessert there was a choice of pumpkin pie, frozen custard, and camembert cheese with wafers.

Getting the wild game for the luncheons is usually more of a job than preparing it, said Mr. Leech. When the club was first formed, he made a trip out West, met a lot of professional hunters and game dealers and lined up sources of supply. Today, though, he still has to search through sportsmen's magazines and write a lot of letters of inquiry before he plans a meal.

The buffalo for next Tuesday's luncheon is already here in the deep freeze. It came from the Wichita Mountain Refuge in Oklahoma, will be served as roast and steaks. One bear from Montana and three from Wisconsin are also in the freezer, as well as venison from the Adirondacks and Montana. Pheasant are due to arrive soon from South Dakota.

Wash. Post
Nov. 17 -

Olmstead.

When it comes to critters..

By Harman W. Nichols

Washington (UP)--The tour of the Washington Zoo got around to the kusimanse, a mousy little critter from tropical Africa. (Scientific name: Crossarchus Obscurus.)

That little guy, said Dr. William Mann, zoo head man, came on a trade from England. The doctor's special guest on the tour was Maj. Albert Pam, former treasurer of the Zoological Society of London. The major nodded.

"It was like this," said Dr. Mann. "I was having a little zooey chat in England with Dr. Geoffrey Ververs, director of the London Zoo, one day last summer. I admired his kusi-

He squirms

manse. I said, 'You folks have three of these things and the United States has none.' "

Maj. Pam squirmed a little in the presence of the press as though he knew what was coming, which he probably did.

Well, Dr. Mann talked the British zoo-man out of one of

his prizes, but before he closed the deal he said he would have to call Washington to see if his zoo had an extra cage.

He picked up Dr. Ververs' phone and called his lieutenant in our capital. After he had finished, he called the operator and learned the call cost \$15, including tax.

Dr. Mann put his lunch hook into his money pocket, but the Briton nay-nayed him.

An exchange

"Why fool with the silly exchange of dollars," said the London man. "We'll make a trade. What I would like in exchange for my kusimanse is a pair of marmots."

What the British call marmots, Americans call prairie dogs. Dr. Mann said he thought he could oblige and, of course, he did.

Our tour turned then to the reptile house and the Washington man gave the Briton his dues.

"The design of this house is a direct steal from the London Zoo," he said. "Illumination in the cages. The false bottoms that allow the heat to come up from the floor instead of pouring in from the top. We save the lives of a lot of animals -- thanks to the tips I got from the British."

Heat's the thing

The alligator snapping turtle (Macochelys Temminickii) slept happily through the noise that was going on outside his cage. It was 80 inside, just like a turtle of his kind likes. Outside where people were, it was like what people like. About 68.

Another steal from the London Zoo--the right temperature for animals; ditto for humans.

"More attention must be paid to the animals," put in Maj. Pam. "They die easier than people, you know."

The tour worked its way to the zoo restaurant at lunchtime and Maj. Pam had to take a back seat to his host who was busy autographing his new book called "Ant Hill Odyssey."

Not about ants

"Doesn't have much to do with ants," said Dr. Mann. "More about me -- the first 30 years of my life. In it I start out by getting born, which is kind of natural, and wind up 30 years later working for

the government -- right here. I don't know how the last part happened."

I don't know how it happened, either. But I know why he is still with us. He'd rather nurse animals than write books. This fact came out about this time when a messenger came and tapped Dr. Mann on the arm.

"Those snakes you've been expecting are here, sir."

The doctor skipped his dessert.

Unless otherwise
stated, this
Bulletin
is for the information
of members only

File for reference

Service Letter

NATIONAL PEST CONTROL ASSOCIATION, Inc.

A NON-PROFIT MEMBERSHIP ASSOCIATION

3019 Fort Hamilton P'way.



Brooklyn 18, N. Y.

Number 541

Date 11/6/48

MEETING
OPPORTUNITIES

IMPORTANT MEETINGS FOR PCO'S

There are always several outstanding meetings each year following our Annual Conventions which should be of interest to the PCO's. We realize that no one is probably in position to attend all these meetings but we are certain that many PCO's will undoubtedly plan to attend at least one or two of these meetings. The dates of the several meetings about which we have received notice are listed on Appendix 1 made a part of this service letter.

Please note in particular the Regional PCO Conferences. By all means make it your business to attend the Regional Conference held nearest to your "home base".

The U. S. Public Health Service has extended invitations to our industry to attend the "Field Training Course" held in Atlanta, Georgia but this course usually is of four weeks duration. These dates likewise conflict in part with other important industry meetings, as for example, the present course running from October 11th through November 5th, distinctly conflicted with our Annual Convention in Toronto. Some of the material likewise is not of unusual interest to the PCO. It is expected that there will be set up at strategic locations a shorter course more directly applicable to the PCO.

We are submitting as Appendix 2 the outline of a "Rat Control Field Training Course" which will be held in Kansas City, Missouri, November 29th to December 10th, 1948. This training course comes nearer to a reasonable period of time that one may be able to absent himself from his business as well as giving more practical information for everyday rat control service work. Those interested are urged to communicate directly with Mr. Joseph W. Hunt, U. S. Public Health Service, 2200 Fidelity Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri, for the registration application form.

PUBLICATIONS OF INTEREST

1--"Interpretations of the Regulations For The Enforcement of The Federal Insecticide, Fungicide and Rodenticide Act." - Copy may be had without charge by writing to the Production and Marketing Administration, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington 25, D. C. Ask for "Service and Regulatory Announcements No. 167."

2--A book which you may like to add to your library:

"Ant Hill Odyssey" by W. M. Mann - 1948, Atlantic Monthly Press; Little, Brown and Co., Boston. 338 Pages, 6 Illus., 5 maps. October. \$3.50.

This is an autobiography of the colorful director of the National Zoo at Washington, D. C. who has traveled widely over the face of the earth collecting insects and other animals. Dr. Mann is a world authority on ants and frequent references occur to ants and other insects in his vivid reminiscences including experiences among the cannibals in Fiji.

New Yorker Nov. 20

ANT HILL ODYSSEY, by William M. Mann (Atlantic-Little, Brown). An

account of the formative years in the life of a renowned entomologist. Beginning with a description of his state of mind at the age of four, when he first realized that insects were to mean more to him than they do to most people, the author recounts how he followed his star, more or less on his hands and knees, across American deserts and through Caribbean, South American, and Melanesian jungles, eventually arriving at the Department of Agriculture, where, while still a young man, he was given a free hand with the Department's ants. Dr. Mann, who is now the director of the National Zoo, makes it all sound as though the rest of us had wasted our youth.

MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOÖLOGY
AT HARVARD COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE 38, MASSACHUSETTS

November 9, 1948.

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Mann:

I have just finished reading your Ant Hill Odyssey and enjoyed it very much. Both in content and style it makes delightful reading and I'm recommending it heartily to all my friends and colleagues. I do hope you'll write another volume to bring your travel adventures up to date.

With best wishes for the success of the book, and gratitude for the pleasure it has already given.

Yours very sincerely,

Alda Wright

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO
BOULDER, COLORADO
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Election Day 1948

Dear Bill,

Thank Heaven they still deliver mail on Election Day because the afternoon delivery brought the Ant Hill Odyssey. I felt as tho an old friend had entered the room & I could say "I knew you when you were a mere manuscript." Thanks a million, Bill! Amy & I will read it with avidity & very genuine fondness.

Love to Lucy & you from all the Steams.

Yours Bob

P.S. You wouldn't recognize Barbara now. She is practically grown up.

Yours sincerely,

Alex Stearns

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
ANN ARBOR

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

November 8, 1948

Dr. William M. Mann
National Zoological Park
Washington, D. C.

My dear Bill:

I have just received a copy of ANT HILL ODYSSEY. It looks very interesting and I cannot wait to get at it. I have it now on the table on which I keep my bedtime stories. After I have read the book I will write to you about it. I want to thank you particularly for autographing the copy which I have received. It will become an important item in my collection of association copies.

Please give our very best regards to Lucille. Is it not about time that you people paid Ann Arbor another visit? Remember our latch string is always out and when we hear that you are headed this way we will freshen up the paint on the welcome mat.

Kindest personal regards.

Yours sincerely,



R. L. Duffus

The New York Times
Times Square

New York 18

November 8, 1948

Dear Bill:

I am dictating this because I find it pleasant to do so and also because I am saving my eyes a little following an infection which kept me in gloom for about two weeks. If there ever was a pink-eyed Connally, I was it.

For the same reason I wasn't able to read the whole of "Ant-Hill Odyssey" when I first got it. I am now about half way through and my only regret is that the book is so short. I do have to warn you, however, that a character mentioned in the book under the name of "Duff" is threatening to sue you because of your allegation that he did not understand the feeding adaptations of the California grasshopper.

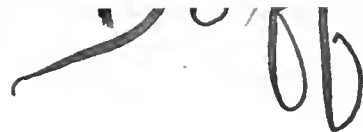
Seriously, you have done a job that I think will prove fascinating even to people who don't know you, and I am proud to be among those who do know you. I hope you will go right on and write about four more books, bringing the story down to date and introducing a heroine in the person of Lucy. I'll write more later after I have finished the volume.

With best wishes from both of us to both of you,

As ever,



Dr. William M. Mann
2801 Adams Mill Road
Washington, D. C.



R. L. Duffus
The New York Times
Times Square

Nov. 20, 1948

Dear Bill:

I have finished reading your recent book, entitled Uncle Tom's Cabin or Ant-Hill Odyssey.

The only trouble I had was that it ended too soon. Surely you have about three more books in you, each as interesting as this one. Lucy and your publishers should see to it that you sit down and write them, or stand up and dictate them without delay.

The fact that I have known you for some years may have added to my pleasure in reading; still, on careful thought, I would say that I would have been delighted with the volume if I'd never even heard of you before.

I inquired of our Literary Ed. when you would ~~be~~ be reviewed and was told that a good review had come in and would be run in an early issue-- not Sunday the 21st but maybe the 28th. Anyhow, The Times won't let you down, even though I made no attempt to blackmail the Lit. Ed. into being kind to you. You don't need kindness-- all you need is that the reading public should know what has been going on.

Leah Louise and I are going to Maumee, near Toledo, next week to have Thanksgiving with our daughter Marjorie and her husband and a look at our first grandchild, Robert Buchart Mackay. You can have nine guesses as to what they call that poor child for short.

If you plan to go on any more expeditions I would like to sign on as cook, and get mentioned in a later volume.

Greetings, as ever, from both Duffi to both of you.

Duff

November 16, 1948

Mr. Dudley Frasier
Publicity Department
Little, Brown & Company
34 Beacon Street
Boston 6, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Frasier:

In reply to your letter of October 26, let me say that Bill Mann's book has been received and read, but to ask someone who knows Bill as well as I do to comment on his book is like asking a bobby-soxer to discourse sanely on Van Johnson. The bare fact that you ask shows that you don't know who Bill Mann is. No mere publisher could - unless he happens to be a globe-trotter, a professional naturalist, a circus-fan, an animal lover, and a gourmet who appreciates the delicacy of Bill's baked beans. People talk about "artists' artists" and "poets' poets." Bill is the naturalists' naturalist, and probably the only example in existence. Gray-haired professors recite legends about him. He is a legend! The only trouble with his book is that the poor uninformed public may not realize that Bill is already the Paul Bunyan of American natural history. Perhaps when he has finished up his autobiography in five or six more volumes, the public may begin to get a glimmer of the truth. But Bill should never have written the thing himself. Only someone untouched by Bill's personal modesty could do justice to him.

Thank you for the book. You and Bill have lost money, for if I hadn't gotten a free copy, I 'd have gone out and bought one instanter. So will all the rest of the thousands who have been entertained by Bill and his wonderful Lucy in the Zoo restaurant or their apartment. For, you see, Bill Mann is the best known person in the National Capitol, even though a few politicians and diplomats haven't found it out yet.

Sincerely,



George S. Myers
Professor of Biology
Curator Zoological Collections

GSM:bc

KPS:mb

Karl P. Schmidt

CABLE ADDRESS - MUSEUM, CHICAGO

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FORMERLY FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

ROOSEVELT ROAD AND LAKE SHORE DRIVE

CHICAGO 5, ILLINOIS

November 19, 1948

Dr. William M. Mann
Director, National Zoo
Washington, D.C.

Dear Bill:

Your book is delightful and so much reflects yourself that it reads as if we were in conversation. I am immensely obliged for being put on the list for a pre-publication copy. I had forgotten, if I even knew, how much you were interested in snakes and their ilk. Your tribute to W. J. Gerhard will probably add years to his life. He has the greatest pride in you, and your appreciation of him is the finest compliment to a true "museum man."

I was delighted to find that my good wife Margaret liked your stories as much as I do.

Of course it adds still more to my interest in you and in your ant-hill Odyssey that we have so fortuitously visited some of the self same far-off tropical places. I can only say, I do hope that little gecko, Lepidodactylus manni Schmidt is a valid species, for I like the association of our names.

Please give my best greetings to Lucy.

Affectionately yours,



Karl P. Schmidt

KPS:mb

FRANK J. MULKERN
THE KENNEDY-WARREN
3133 CONNECTICUT AVENUE
WASHINGTON 8, D. C.

Oct. 23, 1948

Mrs William M. Mann
2801 Adams Mill Road
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mrs Mann:- For some days since last Sunday, Oct. 24th, when I telephoned you in an excited voice while you and your good husband, Dr Mann were it is supposed listening intently to "Stop The Music", I have been in a state of remorse. My wife and most courageous critic said "You are a stinkpot".

She continued in a low tone,
"Do you not know, "jack-ass", that you might cause a person to die from heart attack. That also while you are telephoning people, you tie up their phone so when "Stop The Music" calls, their phone is busy. They can sue you for \$50,000 and Fred Allen will not pay a cent."

My good wife is right. I sincerely regret my telephone call during the program last Sunday of "Stop The Music."

I have heard from radio friends that in addition to the Hudson car and numerous other prizes next week, there will be additional awards. These include 1,000 cans of steero, a super funeral by Hines, with mahogany trimmed, silk insert casket, six College student pall-bearers with white collars and dress suits, a ten minute eulogy by a prominent Washington D.C. clergyman and five minutes of your favorite hymns. Burial in any cemetery of your choice.

With all these prizes offered, any one who would interfere with this grand program, I think should vote for Henry Wallace.

Your husband, Dr Mann interrupted this letter by a telephone call, to talk of all things about his book. When placards are put in Pook store windows, I trust they will read "Anthill Odessy (Title by Frank Mulkern) Idea by (Bill Mann) and Work by (Lucy Mann)

Wishing You A Merry Christmas Day

Frank Mulkern

Frank Mulkern

FINKELBAUM, FINKELBAUM & FINKELBAUM
New York City, Wash. D.C. Miami

May 9, 1948

Dr. William M. Mann
2801 Adams Mill Road
Washington, D.C.

Dear Doctor Mann:- One of our persistent clients has requested us to file a claim against you in the courts. He claims a one half interest in royalties from your forthcoming book. He claims he has given this book a name. Also that this title will be used.

"You know and I know", I am quoting from the late President Roosevelt, that no book could be sold without a title. Margaret Mitchell wrote some years ago a book that had a stupendous sale. Also a terrific income from motion picture audiences. This book made millions. Without a title, no person would have bought it. No Motion picture theatre would ever show a picture without a name. I think we have in this single paragraph, made our case.

Our client appears to us to be a most reasonable man. It is not our custom to battle in the courts, if it is possible to effect a reasonable settlement.

Our minds are influenced with moderation. We propose this settlement.

Our client will relinquish all rights and claims to all royalties and all interests in your forthcoming book on this condition.

That you will purchase at his expense two GOOD SEATS to Ringling Brothers & Barnum & Bailey circus, on any of the three nights this aggregation of wonders exhibits in Washington, D.C.

FINKELBAUM, FINKELBAUM & FINKELBAUM
trust this compromise will be accepted by you and your publishers without DELAY.

Sincerely

THE FINKELBAUMS

P.S.- Our clients name is Frank J. Mulkern

Izaak Walton League of America, Inc.

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILDLIFE



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HON. KARL E. MUNDT, WASHINGTON, D. C.
DR. OLAV J. MURIE, MOORE, WYOMING
CARL NORGREN, DENVER, COLO.
J. C. OCHSNER, FORT MADISON, IOWA
ROBERT O'HAIR, DEER CREEK, ILL.
HENRY A. PIERCE, KALAMAZOO, MICH.
CHARLES E. PIERCE, CASPER, WYO.
J. R. POLAND, JR., MARTINSBURG, W. VA.
WM. H. PRINGLE, PIERRE, S. D.
HERBERT O. QUALSET, RICE FALLS, S. D.
W. J. REA, MURDOCK, OKLA.
EDWIN F. RINEHART, COLUMBUS, OHIO
DENNIE ROULT, BISHOP, CALIFORNIA
W. E. SANDERSON, ALBANY, N. Y.
C. F. SCHNEE, ARRON, OHIO
HOWARD SHILLING, HUNTINGTON, PA.
GUY STANTZ, TERRE HAUTE, IND.
VAL STAUDER, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
JACK STOWELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.
DR. J. R. STURGE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
RIES TUTTLE, DES MOINES, IOWA
JAMES R. VORNIES, NEWTON, IOWA
C. A. WHEATLEY, VAN LINDEN, TEXAS
H. T. WILLIS, CHAMPAIGN, ILL.
DR. H. A. WILSON, SOUTH BEND, IND.

Dr William Mann
2801 Adams Mill Road
Washington, D.C.

Dear Dr Mann:- Have made two attempts to read your book, "Ant Hill Odyssey". The first attempt three days ago when after a good breakfast, I picked it up. I was unshaven at 1:30 p.m. The second attempt kept me awake until 2:30 a.m. when, Thank God I finished the book.

This book has great possibilities. If I were the author I would send at my own expense copies to The Canadian Pacific Steamship Company, The Matson Line and any other steamship company that puts out advertising about the "glorious Pacific Isles".

Every one of these companies would at once attempt to get this book off the market. You might get and your publishers \$25,000, \$50,000 or \$100,000. If I were the writer of this book I would settle for less than \$100,000.

Your tales of 400 inch rains, flies, canned food and also mosquitos should stop at the Mississippi River any one who has read your book. I do not mean they should not go to California. But that is the jumping off place this Land of Misery will soon present. That is if they can get a passage to these outlandish places where cockroaches eat the skin off your legs. In the Kennedy Warren they have yet gone that far. It is nice to know you.

Frank Mulhern
Frank Mulhern

Laak Walton League of America

Incorporated

Defender of Woods, Waters, and Wildlife

WASHINGTON, D. C. CHAPTER

"The National Chapter"

Nov. 19, 1948

Dr William M. Mann, Author
National Zoological Park
Washington, D.C.

Dear Author:- Outside of the scientific Latin names in your book of the various species of ants, there are two other words I do not understand. I really mean one word, but it occurs twice. It is called "horrendous".

Because we live in a four room and kitchen apartment, we are not very well educated. We do not have room for a big dictionary like you see on stands in a public library. The only one we have is the College Standard Dictionary. Its first page boasts in large print. "Designed to give the orthography, pronunciation, meaning, and etymology of over 140,000 words and phrases in the speech and literature of the English-speaking peoples, with synonyms, antonyms, and prepositions."

But it does not give any interpretation of "horrendous". What does this word mean? Being very facile minded I immediately think up "tremendously horrible". Am I correct?

We started rising to a higher intellectual level some years ago when we joined the Book of the Month club. My very good wife made me stop my membership when I started piling books on our dining room table. In a very gracious way, she remarked "Do you want to eat or read?"

It was just before breakfast. I was quite hungry so I stopped this Book of the Month business and have been eating ever since. These details may bore you, but I think they will indicate why my educational effort has been somewhat arrested and why I do not know what "horrendous" means.

Willing To Learn

Frank J. Mulhern
Frank J. Mulhern

THE
WASHINGTON
CLUB

BULLETIN

NOVEMBER
1948

Mrs. Charles H. McDaniel, 7701 Georgia Avenue,
N. W., 12
Proposed by Mrs. Harry Y. Saint
Seconded by Mrs. James S. Montgomery
Mrs. C. L. Chambers, 3930 Connecticut Avenue,
N. W., 8
Proposed by Mrs. James O'Connor Hunt
Seconded by Mrs. Cloyd Heck Marvin

"Broadway and Its Plays"

The Board of Governors announces that for the benefit of our Washington Club, Mrs. Cloyd Heck Marvin has consented to give four reviews of current drama, "Broadway and Its Plays", on the Thursday mornings of November 11th, and 18th, December 9th, and 16th, at eleven o'clock, in the Ballroom of the Club House.

Tickets for the series will be \$3.60, including tax; single admissions \$1.05, including tax.

MONDAY MORNING BOOK CHAT
11 a.m.

- Nov. 1—"Peace in the Heart" by Archibald Rutledge. Reviewed by Mrs. Richard Fay Jackson.
Nov. 8—"White House Diary" by Mrs. Nesbit. Reviewed by Miss Grace Frysinger.
Nov. 15—A Book Fair. Christmas books reviewed by Mrs. Malcolm Carpenter.
Nov. 22—"Ant Hill Odyssey" by Dr. William M. Mann. Reviewed by Mrs. William M. Mann.

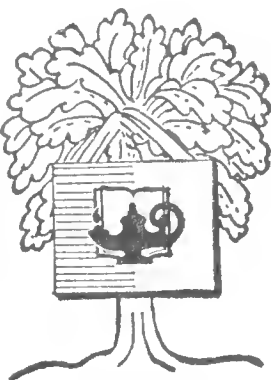
A special luncheon will be served after the book chat of Nov. 22nd at 75 cents for each member and each guest. For guests having luncheon, the usual admission charge of 25c will be waived.

No reservations or cancellations after the previous Friday.

- Nov. 29—"Road to Survival" by William Vogt.
Reviewed by Mrs. Reginald T. Truitt.

P. 6

Books for Christmas



THE SCRIBNER BOOKSTORE
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
597 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK
TELEPHONE
VOLUNTEER 5-0650

NATURE AND GARDEN BOOKS

- DAYS WITHOUT TIME**, *Edwin Way Teale* \$6.00
Stories of delightful ramblings, in city and country, all in search of the unusual adventure with nature. A beautiful book illustrated with 80 pages of photographs supplementing the fascinating information imparted by this well-known naturalist.
- BIRDS OVER AMERICA**, *Roger Tory Peterson* 6.00
The author of the famous "Field Guide" takes us afar on exciting adventures — to Florida and the southern swamps, to the West and Southwest, and even to the Pacific — and recounts with informality the behavior of birds. Written in a highly entertaining style and with 80 pages of fine photographs. Here is vital information for everyone interested in birds and their habits.
- FLIGHT INTO SUNSHINE: Bird Experiences in Florida**,
Helen Cruickshank 4.50
This is really a flight into adventure. Rare observations are shared with all bird lovers in this absorbing description of bird life found in the tropical wilderness of the back country in Florida. Beautiful photographs by Allan Cruickshank add interest to the book.
- ANT HILL ODYSSEY**, *William M. Mann* 3.50
The reminiscences of a naturalist told with quiet humor and charm. His experiences on expeditions all over the world in search of the unusual habits of animals, reptiles, birds and insects make an interesting life story. Many photographs.
- THE AMATEUR NATURALIST'S HANDBOOK**, *Vinson Brown* 3.50
A pocket manual about natural science in general. 204 illustrations by Don Greame Kelley of animals, plants, rocks, insects, etc.
- TAYLOR'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING**,
edited by Norman Taylor 5.00
A standard work completely revised and expanded.
- FLOWERS IN COLOUR**,
edited and with a foreword by J. F. Ch. Dix and Walter Roozen 10.00
Shrubs, bulbs, roses and other flowers are shown in 120 gorgeous plates in full color. A description of each flower plate is added. There is an interesting introduction by W. E. Shewell-Cooper and an informative text.
- GARDEN FLOWERS**, *Robert Garthorne-Hardy* 2.00
Beautiful color plates, drawn from the fine flower books of Mrs. Jane Webb Loudon, reproduced in a small gift edition.
- BULBS FOR HOME GARDENS**, *John C. Wister* 5.00
A completely revised edition of an invaluable book.

New York Times Dec 5

A Naturalist Remembers

ANT HILL ODYSSEY. By William M. Mann. 338 pp. Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$3.50.

By BERNARD MISHKIN

AS director of the National Zoo in Washington for the past twenty-three years, Dr. Mann has been weighed down by administrative cares, tied to the desk of a Government institution, immobilized by responsibilities to his animals—and the general public. Once, many years ago, it was all very different. And, as if to balance accounts and compensate for the years of heavy desk duty, he has set down these reminiscences of the time when he was a promising young naturalist journeying to exotic places in search of exotic bugs. Certainly few entomologists have enjoyed wider and richer field experience. Few men have had a greater claim to the element of continuity in their life work.

He was 4 years old when, back in Montana, he started his first zoological collection. From then on he continued collecting uninterruptedly, managing to sandwich a formal education between collecting trips. In passing from boyhood to manhood, the author seems merely to have exchanged his amateur status as a collector for that of a professional.

The professional collector began his career shortly before World War I, as a member of the Stanford expedition to Brazil in charge of the ants, wasps and beetles department. His adventures on the Amazon are pleas-

antly recorded with amusing comments on local customs and all too brief glimpses of the mechanics of an expedition.

After Brazil, and a short student interlude at Harvard, Dr. Mann went to Haiti for snakes and more ants, to Mexico for hummingbird moths, to the Arabian desert for spiny mice and at one period even spent a few months in his own back yard in Arizona collecting purple beetles. A more ambitious program of research was undertaken in a two-year zoological survey of Fiji and extended to include work in Australia and the Solomons.

To this reviewer who has followed the author's trail in Brazil and the South Pacific, the portion of the book dealing with the South Seas is the most satisfying. Descriptions of animal life are joined to an interesting personal account of the human population.

As the reader follows the story of each of these treks to find one or another bug he must become impressed with the striking testimony to William Mann's success. The author is without question a born field worker—self-reliant and self-sufficient, adaptable and patient, and possessing a developed sense of humor. To these qualities are added a passion for the out-of-the-way place and a longing to mix with men whose lives excite the imagination. Perhaps it is the pioneer air he breathed during his formative years in Montana that accounts for his devotion to the life of a



William M. Mann.

collector and explains why he has had the best time a man could ask for.

One might have wished for the introduction of more first-hand material on the social behavior of insects and some comment on the eternally fascinating problem of instinct and intelligence. It is rather surprising that a student of Wheeler and a great admirer of Forel should show so little interest in these matters. And the book would have gained immeasurably from the inclusion of more illustrative material. I have failed to find a picture of an ant anywhere in the book.

Bernard Mishkin, an anthropologist formerly on the faculty of Columbia University, was until recently a visiting professor at the University of San Marcos, Lima, Peru.

A Guide to the Outstanding Books of 1948

Selected From Late Summer and Fall Lists With Reminders of Important Earlier Titles

Some Notable Spring Books

FICTION

BULLIVANT AND THE LAMBS. By I. Compton-Burnett. Knopf. \$3.
CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY. By Allan Paton. Scribner's. \$3.
FOUR STUDIES IN LOYALTY. By Christopher Sykes. Sloane, \$3.
THE HEART OF THE MATTER. By Graham Greene. Viking. \$3.
THE IDES OF MARCH. By Thornton Wilder. Harper. \$2.75.
THE NAKED AND THE DEAD. By Norman Mailer. Rinehart. \$4.
THE TIME IS NOON. By Hiram Haydn. Crown. \$3.50.
RAINTREE COUNTY. By Ross Lockridge, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75.
THAT WINTER. By Merle Miller. Sloane. \$3.

NON-FICTION

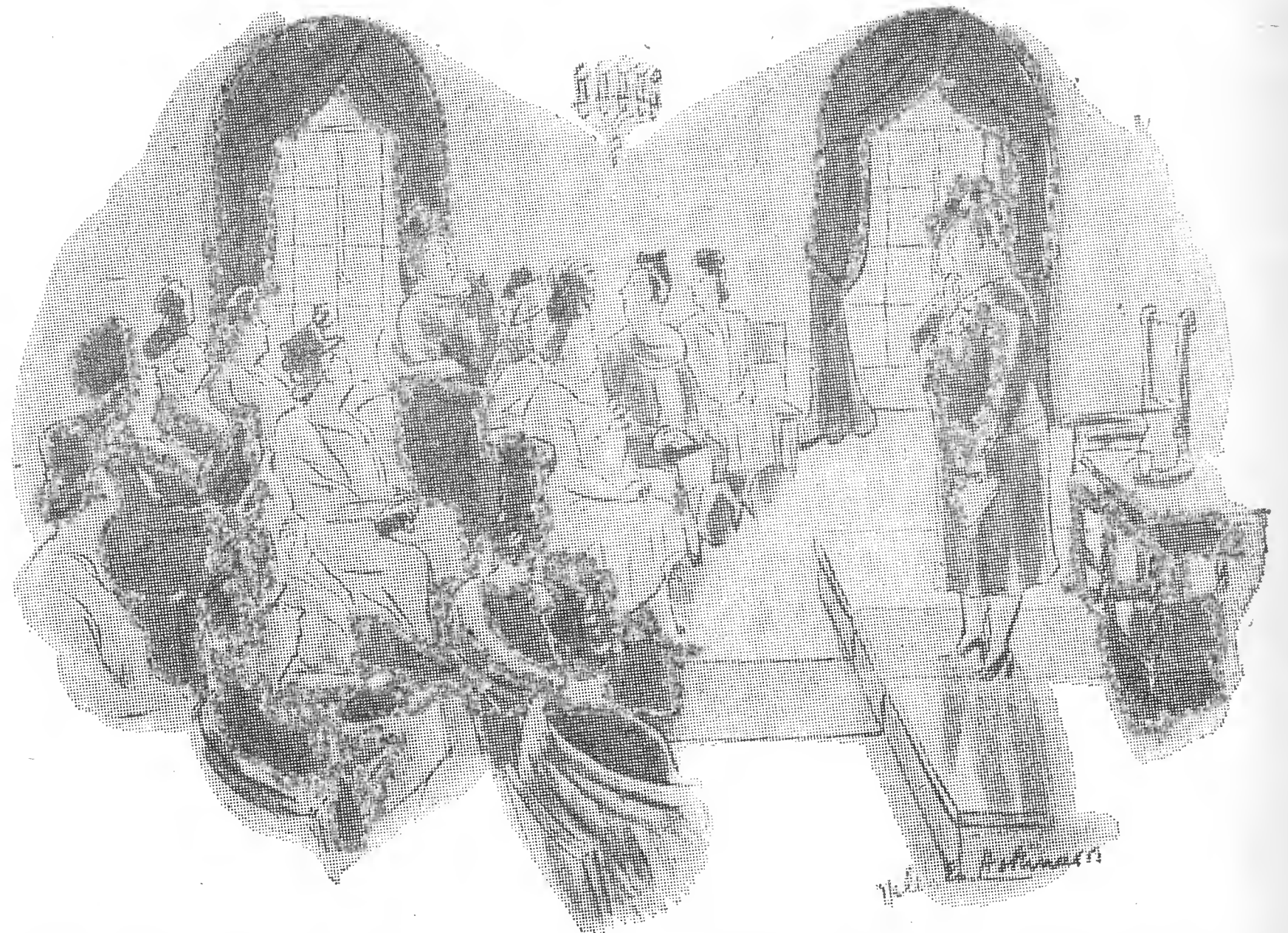
THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE: SUPPLEMENT TWO. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf. \$7.50.
CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford. \$3.50.
FOLK SONG: U. S. A. By John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$6.
THE GATHERING STORM. By Winston Churchill. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.
THE GREAT REHEARSAL: THE STORY OF THE MAKING AND RATIFYING OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By Carl Van Doren. Viking. \$3.50.
JAMES MADISON, THE NATIONALIST, 1780-1787. By Irving Brant. Bobbs-Merrill. \$6.
JEFFERSON, THE VIRGINIAN, 1743-1784. By Dumas Malone. Little Brown. \$6.
THE JOURNALS OF ANDRE GIDE, Vol. II, 1914-1927. Knopf. \$6.
MALABAR FARM. By Louis Bromfield. Harper. \$3.75.
THE MEMOIRS OF CORDELL HULL. 2 vols. Macmillan. \$10.50.
NEW SONG IN A STRANGE LAND. By Esther Warner. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.
ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN PEACE AND WAR. By Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy. Harper. \$5.
OUR PLUNDERED PLANET. By Fairfield Osborn. Little Brown. \$2.50.
THE STILWELL PAPERS. By General Joseph W. Stilwell. Ed-

ited by Theodore H. White. Sloane. \$4.
STRANGER IN THE EARTH. By Thomas Sugrue. Holt. \$4.
TOLSTOY AS I KNEW HIM. By Tatyana A. Luzminkskaya. Macmillan. \$5.
A TREASURY OF JEWISH FOLKLORE. Edited by Nathan Ausubel. Crown. \$4.
THE TWO WORLDS OF MARCEL PROUST. By Harold March. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$3.50.
THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA. By John King Fairbank. Harvard. \$3.50.
WASHINGTON WITCH HUNT. By Bert Andrews. Random House. \$2.50.
WITH MUCH LOVE. By Anne Green. Harper. \$3.

Summer and Autumn

ANTHOLOGIES AND COLLECTED WORKS

A CHILMARK MISCELLANY. By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. \$4.50.
 The cream of Mr. Brooks as literary critic and historian, selected passages of appreciation and portraiture from many volumes.
A FIRESIDE BOOK OF YULE-TIDE TALES. Edited by Edward Wagenknecht. Bobbs-Merrill. \$4.
 Another anthology of Christmas legends and stories from the literature of many countries.
FREEDOM AND ORDER. By the Right Honourable Anthony Eden. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.
 Selected speeches from the war years by the present deputy leader of the Conservative party.
THE GOLDEN LAND: ANTHOLOGY OF LATIN-AMERICAN FOLKLORE translated, with running comments and notes by Harriet de Onis. Knopf. \$4.
 Useful for scholars, but designed primarily for the general reader interested in imaginative writing.
100 YEARS AGO: AMERICAN WRITING OF 1948. Edited by James P. Wood. Funk and Wagnalls. \$5.
 Thoreau, Lowell, Poe, Bayard Taylor, Horace Mann and others less known.
ST. NICHOLAS ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Henry Steele Commager. Random House. \$5.
 A gift book for your children to enjoy—if they can manage to pry you loose from it.
THE WORLD FROM JACKSON



"I just want to say that I'm perfectly willing to serve as treasurer, provided every penny doesn't have to come out exactly even"

A cartoon by Helen Hokinson from "When Were You Built?"

SQUARE: A NEW ORLEANS READER. Edited with notes by Etolia S. Basso with an introduction by Hamilton Basso. Farrar, Straus. \$4.50.
 Visitors and natives and novelists describe a city and its charms in a chronological anthology.
VIRGINIA READER. Collected and with an introduction by Francis Coleman Rosenberger. Dutton. \$5.
 From the first voyages of discovery through the formative years down to writers of our times, such as Ellen Glasgow and Karl Shapiro.

AMERICAN SCENE

AMERICA THROUGH BRITISH EYES. Compiled and edited by Allan Nevins. Oxford University Press. \$6.
 From Dickens, Trollope and Fanny Kemble down to Lord Tweedsmuir, with a newly added panel covering the last twenty years.
AMERICANS FROM JAPAN. By Bradford Smith. Lippincott. \$5.
 The story of the Nisei, with their background in Hawaii and on the west coast; their experiences at war-time relocation centers and in the islands of the Pacific.

and present charms of a civilized city.

NORTHERN FARM: A CHRONICLE OF MAINE. By Henry Beston. Rinehart. \$3.

Soothing, sylvan notes by an admirer of nature and melodious prose; the record of a year on the land.

SOUTH SHORE TOWN. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Macmillan. \$2.75.

Poetic tribute to the remembered charms of Hingham—its homes and churches and harbor, its history and legends.

THE SOUTHERN COUNTRY EDITOR. By Thomas D. Clark. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.50.

Growth and influence of the rural weekly in the South from the Civil War to the present.

THIS IS SAN FRANCISCO. By Robert O'Brien. Whittlesey House. \$3.75.

Folklore and history, past and present, enthusiastically blended.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

ANT HILL ODYSSEY. By William H. Mann. Little, Brown. \$3.50.

Autobiography of the director of the National Zoo, an eminent naturalist who got his start with a circus.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN RUSH. Edited by George W. Corner. Princeton University Press. \$6.

The celebrated eighteenth century physician and signer of the Declaration of Independence. First complete, unexpurgated edition.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SOL BLOOM. Putnam. \$3.50.

Life story of a real estate speculator and theater manager who went into politics and—at seventy-eight—is in the top-rank of Congressional leaders.

THE BEST OF TIMES. By Ludwig Bemelmans. Simon and Schuster. \$3.95.

Rambles through postwar Europe by a writer and artist with warmth, wit and perception.

THE DIARY OF PIERRE LAVAL. With an Introduction by José Laval, Countess R. de Chambrun. Scribners. \$3.50.

The Vichy Prime Minister defends his acts.

D. R.: HIS PERSONAL LETTERS. Volume II: 1905-1928. Edited by Elliott Roosevelt. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$5.

Covering his marriage, early law practice, entry into politics,

experiences in World War I, and his long illness followed by his election as Governor of New York.

FOOTLIGHTS AND HIGHLIGHTS. By Crosby Gaige. Dutton. \$4.

Urbane autobiography of a Broadway producer of hits and misses, now relaxing as a limited-edition publisher, herb grower, food consultant and wine connoisseur.

FRANZ KAFKA: The Diaries of Franz Kafka, 1914-1923. Edited by Max Brod. Schocken. \$3.75.

Concluding volume of a journal in which the dilemma of the man and artist is illuminated.

FAMILY CIRCLE. By Cornelia Otis Skinner. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.

Charming memories of a fortunate girlhood by the daughter of Otis and Maud Skinner.

GANDHI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Mohandas K. Gandhi. Public Affairs Press. \$5.

In which one of the great leaders of the twentieth century examines himself with frankness and humility.

GOLDEN OPINIONS. By Richard L. Tobin. Dutton. \$3.

Essays and vignettes of childhood, character sketches and news stories, by a New York newspaperman.

GREEN MOUNTAIN FARM. By Elliott Merrick. Macmillan. \$3.

What you can do on a Vermont farm and what a Vermont farm does to you, a wife and a Buick.

JOHN GOFFE'S MILL. By George Woodbury. Norton. \$3.

Restoration of a gristmill built two centuries ago—a project to which New Hampshire neighbors contributed humor as well as helping hands.

JUNGLE MAN. By Major P. J. Pretorius. Dutton. \$3.50.

Living dangerously and zestfully for half a century as a jungle trail blazer and big-game hunter.

HAROLD BAUER, HIS BOOK. Norton. \$3.75.

Memories of a Victorian childhood, student days in Paris and a brilliant career as concert pianist.

IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE. By Emily Kimbrough. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.

Hazards of a lecture tour on the clubwomen cultural circuit, appropriately with pictures by Helen E. Hokinson.

HARVARD YARD IN THE GOLD-



"Well, if it isn't Dave Cottrell! Well, don't just stand there in that driving rain, Dave—GO HOME!"

A cartoon by Follette from "Best Cartoons of the Year 1948"

SCHWEIZ, TROPENINSTITUT, BASEL
INSTITUT TROPICAL SUISSE, BÂLE
SOCINSTRASSE 57 TEL. 262 66

Basle, December 8th 1948.

Mr. W.M. M a n n, Director
Smithsonian Institution
National Zoological Park
W a s h i n g t o n 9, D.C.

My dear Mr. Mann,

I was really very pleased and at the same time
feeled very honoured when receiving first the announcement of
the membership to the "National Geographic Magazine" due to your
kind intervention and to get your last edition "Ant Hill Odyssey".
The "Geographic Magazine" is now every month a great pleasure to
me like "Parks and Recreation" and I enjoy both during leisurely
hours.

Concerning the "Odyssey" I was- I have to say
it - very astonished and at the same time amused to learn of
your first experiences as an entomologist, how you left home and
were turned down at the Circus ! The descriptions of your different
journies to South America and Australia are not only instructive
but also very thrilling. The whole book is written so fluently
and I enjoyed its reading enormously. Making your acquaintance
in Washington I always thought you had something of a gipsy; in
following the story of your boyhood and early life I found my
impression stated. Please accept my best thanks for having sent
me your book, I appreciated every page of it.

Concerning the Zoo in Basle we have now a
young gorilla of about 1 year old, who is in excellent health and
plays with his shimpanese companion. I brought him by train from
Paris, packed in a wooden-case on a hot water bottle.

I do hope your knee is doing alright again.
Again my hearthiest thanks for your kindness in supplying me with
that interesting Zoological Gardens book, looking so well in its
binding on my book shelf; the "National Geographic Magazine" and
the amusing "Ant Hill Odyssey".

Please give my best regards to Mrs. Mann. I
remain with my very best wishes for a merry Christmas and a
happy New Year, with my very best greetings also from my wife

Yours very cordially

Rud. Geigy

Prof.Dr.R. Geigy

P.S. Under seperate cover I sent you today my study on the rearing
of Glossina palpalis in our Institute.

From: Publicity Department
Little, Brown & Company
34 Beacon Street, Boston

Digest of Reviews and Comments

ANT HILL ODYSSEY by William M. Mann Atlantic-Little, Brown, November, 1948

"...(told) with communicative gusto and a rich sense that no young man, driving toward his destiny, ever had a better time in life."

Lewis Gannett, New York Herald Tribune, 11/11/48

"...a book which will appeal to everyone from high school age on...the lively account of a man who finds real joy - contagious to the reader - in exploring the world for new lands, new faces, and always new animals. The reader has such a gay time seeing the world through Dr. Mann's eyes that it is disappointing to come to the final page. May his next book be as much fun to read."

Frances Shippen, Washington Sunday Star, 11/14/48

"Dr. Mann, who is now the director of the National Zoo, makes it all sound as though the rest of us had wasted our youth."

The New Yorker, 11/20/48

"ANT HILL ODYSSEY is thoroughly enjoyable. Many who read it will start looking more closely at the wonders of nature that always lie before them."

United Press Sunday Letter, 11/21/48

"...a fascinating book. The author is an enthusiastic scientist with a relaxing sense of humor. He turns tough trips into easy reading and he certainly covered a lot of ground and water in his scientific pursuits. I followed him with delight across the world."

John Kieran, author of "Footnotes on Nature"

"I have enjoyed every word of the book...delightful, encouraging and fruitful reading."

Belle Benchley, Director, San Diego Zoo

"I like his book so much that it was hard to keep my enthusiasm within reasonable bounds."

Lee S. Crandall, General Curator, New York Zoological Society

"...just the sort of delightful yarn one would expect Bill Mann to write."

Alfred S. Romer, Director, Museum of Comparative Zoology,
Harvard University

"...as charming and witty as the man himself. He is fortunate, indeed, in being his own biographer, for only he could transfer to paper his sparkling, colorful personality."

Gladys M. Koenig, Executive Editor, American
Association for the Advancement of Science
Magazine.

"To me, as one who has always collected for museums, hunted in far countries and studied nature in general over the best part of a lifetime, this is a very fascinating book. Dr. Mann's experiences in the field and elsewhere, during various steps by which he rose to fame as a scientist, make the kind of reading which anyone interested in natural science, adventure, and travel cannot afford to miss. There is nothing dry about it; he has avoided anything that was stuffy in the collecting of insects, mammals, and reptiles. He has never overdramatized the events and has missed no iota of the delightful humor which invariably characterizes work of this kind. It is indeed an Odyssey..."

Joseph W. Lippincott, President, J. B. Lippincott
Company

Thanksgiving," Miss Lindfors explained, "only it has not the deep meaning that Thanksgiving has." Christmas and New Year's are great days around the world, and Miss Lindfors celebrates them in the tradition of her homeland. But St. Valentine's Day...

"It is so charming," she said, "to have one day especially for saying nice things to the persons one loves."

Miss Lindfors follows the American tradition of giving flowers on May Day, although in Sweden the holiday is a counterpart of America's Labor Day. She also has adopted Decoration Day, but observes it as a day to remember the living.

Dancing in June

On June 6, Swedish flag day, the flags of her native country decorate Miss Lindfors' ranch house. On the 24th, she gives a gala party with dancing in the garden, a pole woven with green leaves and flowers everywhere.

"That is the day that all Sweden celebrates with the most gaiety," she said. "We call it Midsummer Eve, and like Christmas, it is followed the next day with dinners and friends visiting."

The American flags fly on July 4. A seafood feast for friends marks Aug. 5, Sweden's "Day of the Crawfish." Labor Day is for picnicking. Miss Lindfors looks with reservations on only one holiday, April Fool's Day.

OF ALL hunters, perhaps the most avid, and the ones who get the greatest satisfaction from their spoils, are the naturalists. They roam the outposts of the world to find a beetle, a moth, a snail.

Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park, Washington, D. C., since 1925, started his career as a collector of frogs before he was seven years old. He worked up to snakes, beetles and finally to ants in which he became a specialist. But in Africa and Asia, in the Americas, in Australia, in remote islands he has collected pretty much of everything in the way of small fauna.

In *Ant Hill Odyssey* (Atlantic, Little, Brown, \$3.50) Dr. Mann describes his career as a naturalist up to the time in 1916 when he joined the United States bureau of entomology. Since then he has become one of the most distinguished naturalists in the world.

Dr. Mann has the gift of making friends and thus of getting places when he goes collecting. He has the gift of conveying to the reader something of the fascination of his work. *Ant Hill Odyssey* is thoroughly enjoyable. Many who read it will start looking more closely at the wonders of nature that lie always before them.

Naturalist Has A Varied Life

ANT HILL ODYSSEY by William M. Mann. Atlantic, Little, Brown & Co. \$3.50.

A sure way to stop worrying is to become interested in bugs. A sure way to start living is to be a naturalist; for the ingredients that make up a full life are in the autobiography of William M. Mann, director of the National zoo. A great many people have traveled as widely as Dr. Mann, but few have enjoyed it so much and told it so well.

Some of our best books on personal experiences have been written by scientists. They may live in a mysterious and eccentric world, but when they share it with the laymen, the results are fascinating reading.

Born in Helena, Mont., Mann at a tender age began to collect snakes, bugs and everything else that moved. His mother grew so alarmed with her son who came home each evening with his pockets stuffed with the active members of the animal kingdom, that in desperation she packed him off to a Virginia military school.

To the young Mann, Virginia was a better country to hunt specimens than Montana. Turtles, lightning bugs, snakes, et al. grew into a sizable collection. The headmaster of Staunton was about to give up in despair when half the school burned down and a temporary recess was given the students.

At 14, Mann promptly applied to the Ringling Brothers circus to be a keeper of the animals. He was discouraged by John Ringling, but such a disappointment could never frustrate a budding naturalist. To this day, Dr. Mann is an ardent circus enthusiast and he helps put on the Shrine circus every year.

After completing military school, he went to Texas with a friend whose father was opening new lands in the Texas panhandle. He was hired to write the descriptive folders.

On this trip he was accom-

panied by two older men, one a Judge Spiller, a lawyer well adapted to the Texas climate of justice. Ranch houses were few, so they camped out most of the time. The problem of wood was solved by using dried cow manure, known as "old dry." "On dewy mornings," the author relates, "it was necessary to mix some bacon with it to get it to burn. Judge Spiller used to say, as he rested his biscuit on a slab of it, 'there ain't no harm in old dry.'"

The financial side of the scientist's life is as precarious as an artist's. However, wealthy collectors and established professors came to Mann's aid when he barely had enough to eat.

In describing his tours of the South American jungles, Dr. Mann makes them out to be harmless thickets, "with so much new life hidden in the dense foliage." The beetles, the size of a man's fist, the "beautiful" giant snails, and the "lively 10-foot boas," are described with the language of Hudson in "Green Mansions."

If you like science or not, "Ant Hill Odyssey" will provide you with some of the best reading that has come off the presses for a long time.

J. A. W.

Ants Are No Job for a Sluggard

Lively Pursuits of an Ardent Naturalist Through Thirty Years



William M. Mann

ANT HILL ODYSSEY.
By William M. Mann, 338
pp. . . . Boston: Little,
Brown and Company. \$3.50.

Reviewed by
EDWIN WAY TEALE
Author of "Days Without Time,"
"The Lost Woods," etc.

THE distance between Helena, Mont., William M. Mann's birthplace, and Washington, where he has been director of the National Zoo for nearly a quarter of a century, is about 2,000 miles, air line. "Ant Hill Odyssey" is Dr. Mann's story of his thirty-year journey between Helena and Washington—via the Solomon Islands, Haiti, Mexico, the Fiji Islands, Australia, the Near East and the Amazon Valley.

Recollections of far-ranging naturalists have produced some of the most absorbing of autobiographical books: such books as those of Beebe, Barbour, Fairchild, in recent years, Wallace and Bates, in an earlier time. The author of "Ant Hill Odyssey" is an engaging raconteur. His memory is stocked with good stories and he has the gift of serving them without excess verbiage, like shelled nuts, all meat. I enjoyed his book tremendously.

By the time he was four, young Billy Mann, son of a harness-maker and amateur naturalist who died when he was seven, was already collecting bugs. He held his specimens in place with chewing gum in lieu of entomological pins. The summer he was twelve, and a cowhand on a dairy ranch, he ran away for nearly six months. He started his wanderings with twenty-five cents, a .22-caliber rifle and a Napoleonic flair for falsehood. One rancher, who took him in on the strength of his story that he had been left behind by a traveling circus, became so attached to him that, many years later after Mann had become head of the Washington Zoo, he received word that the rancher had died without heirs and had left his estate to him.

Every Sunday for two years,

Comparative Zoology, he traveled through the deserts of the Near East. His education — during which, characteristically, he secured one degree from Stanford, on the Pacific coast, and another from Harvard, on the Atlantic—was obtained between trips. As soon as he finished his doctorate examinations at Harvard, where he worked under the great ant authority, Dr. William Morton Wheeler, he was off on a Sheldon Fellowship to the Fiji Islands.

And everywhere he went he encountered zoological oddities—ants that leaped like kangaroos,

spiny mice and walking fish, stingless bees that made poison honey, frogs that appeared trimmed with lace, tiny moths that lived in caves and developed scales of mica and catfish that grew to be eighteen feet long and developed scales so hard and rough that natives used them for nail files. In the Solomon Islands Mann talked to former cannibals and in the Holy Land he ate manna, the sweet, white flakes produced by insects among the tamarisk trees. Natives of the South Seas called him "Doctor of the Little Things That Fly."

Although he was only in his twenties, he was discovering new species of insects, rediscovering lost types, finding a burrowing snake wholly unknown to science, having new species named in his

honor. Probably the rarest find he made was an ant in the Solomon Islands that represented a whole new sub-genus. He picked it from a piece of firewood that natives collected near a mountain-top camp where no white man had ever been before. During his wanderings Mann's primary interest was ants. Hence the title of his book.

His story ends when, at the age of thirty, he is first entering government service in Washington. Written informally, without literary flourishes, "Ant Hill Odyssey" is crammed with odd and interesting bits of information. It is one of those comfortable books that make the reader feel, almost from the start, that he has known the author for a long time and that they are the best of friends.

Scientist's Saga

ANT HILL ODYSSEY. By William M. Mann. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$3.50.

The fascinating autobiography of the renowned explorer and scientist, which may eventually reach four volumes, begins with his arrival in Montana. He got there "the convenient way, by being born there." It did away with the long journeys he took later to less accessible parts of the world. His book is full of them.

In spite of its title, though there is a great deal about the collecting and studying of ants, it is concerned with every living thing. It is about insects and birds and snakes and animals—and people. For "Bill," now director of the National zoo in Washington, D. C., is as famous for his enthusiastic friends in every corner of the earth and in all walks of life as he is for his splendid achievements.

He began as a small boy to collect friends as well as scientific specimens. As his collection grew, he needed a formal education to understand it; the State College of Washington, Stanford and Harvard universities followed. But his attendance at any school was constantly interrupted by scientific exploration and collecting trips. There were jaunts into the American desert, expeditions to Brazil, Haiti and Mexico; to Egypt and—on camelback—to Palestine; to Fiji, Australia, and the Pacific Islands.

On one island he collected frogs by a lake later "discovered" by Martin Johnson. He knew the Solomon Islands, Guadalcanal and Tulagi long before our Marines made them a byword. Photographs and maps and colorful anecdotes make the book vivid.

Many times Dr. Mann has been asked by aspiring young men to outline the steps necessary for a career like his; readers of this book will know the answer. Begin with a warm friendliness, robust constitution, tireless energy, and unbounded enthusiasm, add an undaunted will to succeed in the chosen field, cap them with a rare sense of humor and crown them with an ineffable personality.

—M. B. S.

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CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS

THINLY VEILED: A gay novel of Christmas week by Washington's own Marnix Walker. 2.75

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It is a great and glorious feeling to have helped cause your book, but you must be devoutly thankful that it has appeared in print. Too bad Dr. Wheeler didn't get to chuckle over it. We shall look for Volume Two.

Didn't know of all your experiences before coming to WSC. You would shut up like a clam whenever I asked you, so had to surmise the worst. You never would tell me if M. stood for Montana.

Read every word of the book, which is some record for me.

ALM

Ant Hill Odyssey by William M. Mann. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, \$3.50, 338 pp., illustrated.—What red-blooded American boy hasn't dreamed of high adventure in the tropics, of chasing rare animals, meeting cannibals face to face, and traveling to strange lands in far parts of the world! For most of us it is only a dream, but Bill Mann must have been born with a rabbit's foot in each hand. First to the Amazon, then Haiti, Mexico, Arabia, the Fijis, and the Solomon Islands; in all, as a naturalist and scientific collector, he hunted snakes and frogs, birds and bats, and most of all his chief obsession—ants.

This volume is an autobiography of a man who has devoted his life to natural history, of a Montana farm boy who made good in a big way, who rose eventually to become the director of the Zoo in Washington. The text is lively and literally bristling with the subtle humor that has made Bill Mann one of the most beloved raconteurs in our capital city. One would think that visiting so many strange places would be enough for a lifetime. But no! The book takes us only through his youthful days, and we must wait impatiently for the sequel before we can read about Malava, Liberia, the Rio Negro, and the Argentine. Our author has really been around!

Jauna - Dec. 48

Dec 19-1948

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
ANN ARBOR

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

November 26, 1948

Dr. William M. Mann
Office of the Director
National Zoological Park
Washington, D. C.

Dear Bill:

I have read your book with the greatest interest. In fact I am amazed at your facility to remember the details of your collecting trips. In addition to this, however, I am delighted with your easy style and the amount of information which you have been able to present in readable form. I congratulate you most heartily on this work and suggest that you might now pick up the story where you have left off in Ant Hill Odyssey and write a second volume on your experiences as the Director of a great zoological institution.

Yours sincerely,



S

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

U. S. A.

Nov. 30, 1948

Dr. William M. Mann, ODYSSEUS FORMICATOR,
National Zoological Park,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Bill:-

I just want you to know that I am enjoying ANT-HILL
ODMSSEY very much indeed. As one of the best-educated men I know,
you have always amazed me by an amazing memory, unencumbered by books.
Now I am glad to note that you did read, way back when.

Mrs. Sterling and I were talking of you last Sunday and
Daisy greatly enjoyed hearing Lucy speak at the C.C. Women's Club.
I have looked forward to seeing you at Explorers Club but I have
another club which meets the same night and the last two meetings have
been of unusual interest.

I hope to congratulate you in person very soon. In the
meantime, may your formications be as delightful as they sound!

Reynard.

Give the Books You'd Like to Get

fiction

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By Dodie Smith. "Enchanting."
—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. \$3.00*

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By Evelyn Waugh. "Devilishly clever, impishly amusing."—N. Y. Times. \$2.50

The Sky and the Forest

By C. S. Forester. "Dazzling."
—N. Y. Times. \$2.75

The Crusaders

By Stefan Heym. "Enormously readable."—Chicago Tribune. \$3.50

Shannon's Way

By Dr. A. J. Cronin. "His best."
—Atlantic Monthly. \$3.00

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By Howard Fast. "Absorbing."—N. Y. Times. \$2.75

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By Sylvia Thompson. Subtle romance.
\$2.75*

for mystery fans

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By Ellery Queen. His first in 3 years. \$2.50

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general

Laughter in the Next Room

By Sir Osbert Sitwell. New volume in his remarkable autobiography. \$4.00*

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LITTLE, BROWN

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By Roland Hayes. For piano and voice. \$3.00*

Yankee Auctioneer

By George H. Bean. "Fascinating."
—N. Y. Herald Tribune. \$2.75

Jefferson the Virginian

By Dumas Malone. "Superb."
—GERALD W. JOHNSON. \$6.00

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By David Bradley. "Best account of Bikini."
—Norman Cousins. \$2.00*

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By Constance and Harmon Helmericks. Thrilling adventure in Alaska. Illustrated. \$3.50

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By William M. Mann. A famous naturalist's worldwide adventures. \$3.50*

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A bible of American big game hunting. \$7.50

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By Lawrence R. Keller. Advice by an expert. \$5.00

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The HELENA MASONIC NEWS

Combining THE ALGERIAN of Algeria Shrine Temple.

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HELENA, MONTANA

MASONIC HOME IS VISITED BY GRAND MATRON OF O.E.S.

Mrs. Augusta Baumgartner of Ronan, Grand Worthy Matron of the Eastern Star in Montana, was a visitor at the Montana Masonic Home last month. Both she and W. W. Casper of Helena, Grand Worthy Patron, were guests of the home at dinner on Nov. 21. After the dinner, both gave short talks.

Morning Star Lodge No. 5 of Helena visited the home Nov. 17 and presented a magician as entertainment, after which refreshments were served. When the Helena lodges held past masters' night on Nov. 12, there were 12 of the guests from the home who attended.

Fourteen Eastern Star chapters throughout Montana sent jellies, jam and candy to the home during November. Lily of the Valley Chapter No. 4, Bozeman, sent each guest a one-pound box of candy during the month of November, while Helen C. Roberts Chapter No. 71, Great Falls, sent in 22 boxes of Christmas cards for the use of the members.

The two Missoula Star chapters, Electa No. 7 and Immanuel No. 54, gave the home 283 jars of jam last month, while Jasmine Chapter No. 65, Hardin, through J. J. Ping, also sent the home a big supply of home canned foods.

December birthdays at the home are: Marion E. Lytle, Morning Star No. 5, Helena, 76 on Dec. 4; Mrs. Abbie S. Baker, Vista Chapter No. 44, Whitefish, 78 on Dec. 21, and Carl Otto Turk of King Solomon's No. 9, Helena, 81 on Dec. 26.

The Independent-Record last month featured a story about Dr. William M. Mann, director of the national zoological park of the Smithsonian Institute of Washington, D. C., who has written a book, "Ant Hill Odyssey," which was released by Little, Brown and Co., of Boston. Dr. Mann, a native of Helena, belongs to Morning Star Lodge No. 5.

Stanford
Alumni
Review - Dec. 48

Ant Hill Odyssey, William M. Mann (Atlantic-Little, Brown, Boston).—Dr. William M. Mann, '11, began collecting bugs and animals as a Montana boy of four years and he hasn't stopped yet. At sixty-two, breezy, chain-smoking Dr. Mann is director of the National Zoological Park at Washington, D.C., one of the outstanding zoos of the world. In his newly published *Ant Hill Odyssey* he takes a backward glance at his life until 1916. In the chapter on his sojourn at Stanford, alumni will find practically a roll call of the pioneers in the University's program in biology. It was an article by Rennie Wilbur Doane on "The Hypopygium of the Tipulidae" that first attracted Mann to Stanford. Vernon L. Kellogg he describes as a "brilliant and productive writer"; Harold Heath as "a genius as a teacher—he made us find things out for ourselves." And he tells of a talk with Charles Henry Gilbert in which the professor of zoology quoted David Starr Jordan: "Success is doing what you like to do and making a living out of it." By this standard, Dr. Mann has known considerable success.

At the end of his senior year, Mann was a member of the famous Stanford Expedition to Brazil, conducted by Dr. Branner. On his return he enrolled at Harvard, receiving a Doctor of Science degree in entomology there in 1915. But before his work at Harvard was completed, he made a trip to Haiti for snakes and ants and another to Mexico for hummingbird moths. He trekked over the desert of Arabia, visited August Forel in Switzerland, and, returning to Harvard, was off again to the Pacific Isles. Dr. Mann's informative descriptions of the people, the terrain, and the fauna of the countries in which he traveled are made exceedingly readable by the light, humorous touch of his writing.



William Montana Mann
Bug collector extraordinary

Dr. and Mrs. Mann To Address Writers

Dr. William M. Mann, director of the Zoo, and Mrs. Mann will be guest speakers at a meeting of the Professional Writer's Club at 7:30 p.m. Monday at the YWCA.

Dr. Mann will talk about his autobiography, "Ant Hill Odyssey," which was recently published as the first of several proposed volumes. During his three years' work on the book, Dr. Mann had the assistance and advice of his wife, a former women's magazine editor and herself the author of three books on animals. Mrs. Mason S. Talley will introduce Dr. and Mrs. Mann.

Another speaker on the program will be Miss Elizabeth L. Scheffey, editor of the Cathedral Age and director of publications and publicity for the Washington Cathedral. Mrs. Esther Wolcott Rhoads will introduce Miss Scheffey.

Mrs. John W. Perkins is program chairman of the club. Miss Anna Jespersen, president, will open the meeting.

Bill Mann Reminiscences

Ant Hill Odyssey. By William M. Mann. Boston. 1948. Little, Brown and Company. 338 pages. Illustrated. \$3.50.

One of our favorite people is Bill Mann, Director of the National Zoological Park, so, perhaps, we should immediately disqualify ourselves as a reviewer of his autobiography. This we refuse to do because we are certain that every reader will enjoy this book as much as we have done, and will follow his early roamings over the face of the earth with as much fascination and secret envy. Bill Mann seemed destined so to roam, and he never failed to egg his destiny on; never overlooked an opportunity.

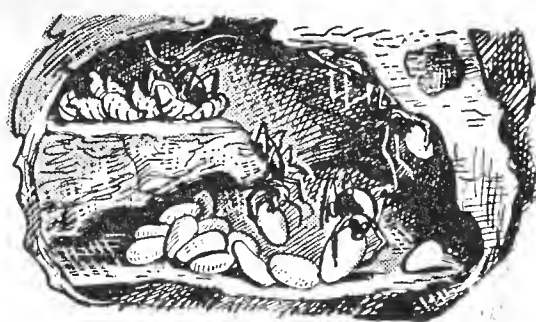
Bill Mann's interest in Nature was as inborn as it is in most boys, but where the majority set it aside as they grow older, his interest only became more intensified. He started his roaming under the impression that he had done something criminal when he brought in a herd of cows late for milking, so departed his Helena, Montana, home and turned up as an all-around, although youthful, hand on the ranch of Ed Skinner. Ed finally penetrated to the facts of Willy Mann's origin and restored him to his mother. Then came a period of Staunton Military Academy, punctuated by as much time as could be devoted to Nature, including several summer weeks cleaning cages at the National Zoo, which later he was to head.

Wherever Bill Mann went he was collecting, insects in general and ants in

particular, these last being his first and enduring love. From a period of ranching—and collecting—in Texas—he gravitated to Washington State College, then to Stanford and, finally, to Harvard. Trips afield took him to Brazil, Haiti, the Holy Land with the late John C. Phillips, to Fiji, and other far places followed, with Bill ever avidly collecting for himself and others. The informal stories of his experiences carry the reader along from place to place as a vicarious member of his party, or as his companion.

These were years rich in adventure and in accomplishment and Bill Mann tells of them in a free and friendly style that is characteristic of the man. And his ant hill odyssey ends when he decides to take an examination "and commence the highly paid, carefree life of a government employee." Thus this book is only the first volume, we certainly hope, of the biography of William M. Mann. He has not stopped roaming about the world, and his years as Director of the National Zoo have been as full, as varied and as fascinating as his earlier ant hill explorations. *Ant Hill Odyssey* leaves the reader eager for the rest of the story, and thankful for the first installment. Exploring with Bill Mann is a virulently contagious disease, so do not miss the opportunity to contract it. R.W.W.

(Illustrated)



GULLIVER AMONG THE ANTS Dr. William E. Mann, an entomologist connected with the National Zoological Park, has spent a lifetime in study of tropical insect life, but custom has in no way staled his excitement over the adventures of science. Since he has also an unquenchable zest for travel and the odd places of the world, his *Ant Hill Odyssey* (\$3.50), which combines a chronicle of his journeyings along with fascinating discussions of insect and animal life—ants are his special passion—is excellent reading. It is lively, well written, humorous, and communicates the excitement of the author in his quest for scientific knowledge.

Book of the Month
Club News Feb '49

Nature Magazine
Feb-1949



Most of the Pere David's Deer left alive in the world today are to be seen in this picture — the herd of 300 animals on the Duke of Bedford's estate at Woburn Abbey in England. The estate consists of some 4,000 acres of rolling, wooded land where the deer live at virtually complete liberty. From this great herd a few animals have been selected for presentation to zoos.

Leonard Goss, our Veterinarian, ordered her confined at night in the indoors quarters of her exhibition area. Access to the out of doors is by means of an iron-barred door, five feet four inches long and four feet three inches high, which travels in iron channels and is raised and lowered by the keeper by means of a pulley. The door weighs 148 pounds, works rather hard, and Keeper Vincent Nesor has to "put his back into it" in order to raise the door for the Panda to go out.

The first morning after the Veterinarian ordered the animal kept inside, Keeper Nesor arrived for his morning inspection — and found no Panda! Bits of wood apparently chewed from the base of the door were scattered over the floor. He tugged on the pulley rope until the door opened. In walked the Panda.

Somehow, during the night, she had managed to get her claws or muzzle under the edge of the door, even though it fitted flush with the ground, and had hoisted it until she could

squeeze out. We don't know yet how she did it — but she had no human help.

PUBLICATIONS OF INTEREST

WINGS IN THE WOODS. By Robert M. McClung. 251 pp., black and white illustrations by the author. William Morrow & Co., New York, 1948. Price \$2.50.

A boy's summer on a farm, recorded for eleven to fourteen year olds, by the Assistant in our Department of Mammals and Birds. Threaded through the story is a fascinating and authentic account of the life histories of native butterflies and moths. Nature-minded children of any age will be enthralled by this unusual story and adults will find it pleasant reading. L.S.C.

ANT HILL ODYSSEY. By William M. Mann. 338 pp., six photographs, five maps. Little, Brown and Co., Boston, 1948. Price \$3.50.

Dr. Mann, Director of the National Zoological Park in Washington, is known and loved as a raconteur and good companion from Washington to Arlington, the long way around. Now many of the tales with which for years he has regaled his friends are joined in pleasant sequence. It is typical of Dr. Mann that his auto-

Animal Kingdom (N.Y. Zoo) Jan 1949

His "Big Top" is the World of insects,
animals and all living things

ANT HILL ODYSSEY

By **WILLIAM M. MANN**

Director of the National Zoo, Washington, D. C.

Technical advisor to Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey circus and an ardent circus fan all his life (he got a job with Ringling's as "animal man" when he was still in his 'teens), he tells here the story of his life so far—a career as cram-jam-full of excitement and thrills as any three-ring show on earth.

He has collected bugs, butterflies and small animals ever since he was four years old. His search for them has taken him to Brazil, Haiti, Mexico, Arabia, Egypt, the Fiji Islands—all over the world. Everywhere he went he had amazing and amusing adventures.

He tells about his early life, his circus experiences, his trips to the far corners of the globe, in chapters that are packed with humor, excitement, amazing information about strange beasts and stranger men, and colorful descriptions of out-of-the-way places.

So step up, ladies and gentlemen, and see the Biggest Natural History Show on Earth ever pinned down between the covers of a book!

With Maps and Photographs ❖ \$3.50 ❖ at all bookstores

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY · BOSTON

The White Tops

Books and Magazines Reviewed

ANT HILL ODYSSEY, by William Mann, Atlantic Monthly Press, 338 pages, price \$3.50.

Announcement of another book by the talented Chairman of the James E. Cooper Top is always welcomed by members of the Circus Fans Association.

In "Ant Hill Odyssey" Bill Mann has written a book which for sheer delight is not to be surpassed. Its popularity is already evident by heavy sales but to the Circus Fans it has an added interest; one feels that he is walking around the world in intimate association with a real fellow who delights in travel in odd places and writes interestingly of his experiences. It is the sort of book to keep with you; its stories of Haiti, of South America, and of far-flung islands are the kind that appeal to the circus minded individual who loves the life because it has in it the spirit of movement.

It was a privilege to review "Ant Hill Odyssey" and it is more than a privilege to heartily recommend it to every member of the Association.

Melvin D. Hildreth



Dictated

Dec 26, 1948

THE KAMPONG

4013 DOUGLAS ROAD

COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Dear Bill -

Thank your blessed old
heart for writing that book -
It reached me just in time -
I tumbled over a rug & busted
my knee cap & was dragged
away to the hospital where
the surgeon put in a carriage
bolt and laid me aside to
recover - the bolt was alright
but the recovering has taken
some weeks.

It's a swell book and takes
me back to '97 in the Fijis

Dear Bill: Bravo for ANT HILL ODYSSEY -
-- well done, you little nome
body --
Tops to you --



GARGANTUA
THE GREAT
Sends Yuletide Greetings
from

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

FRANK BRADEN
SARASOTA, FLORIDA
DECEMBER 25, 1948

Dictated

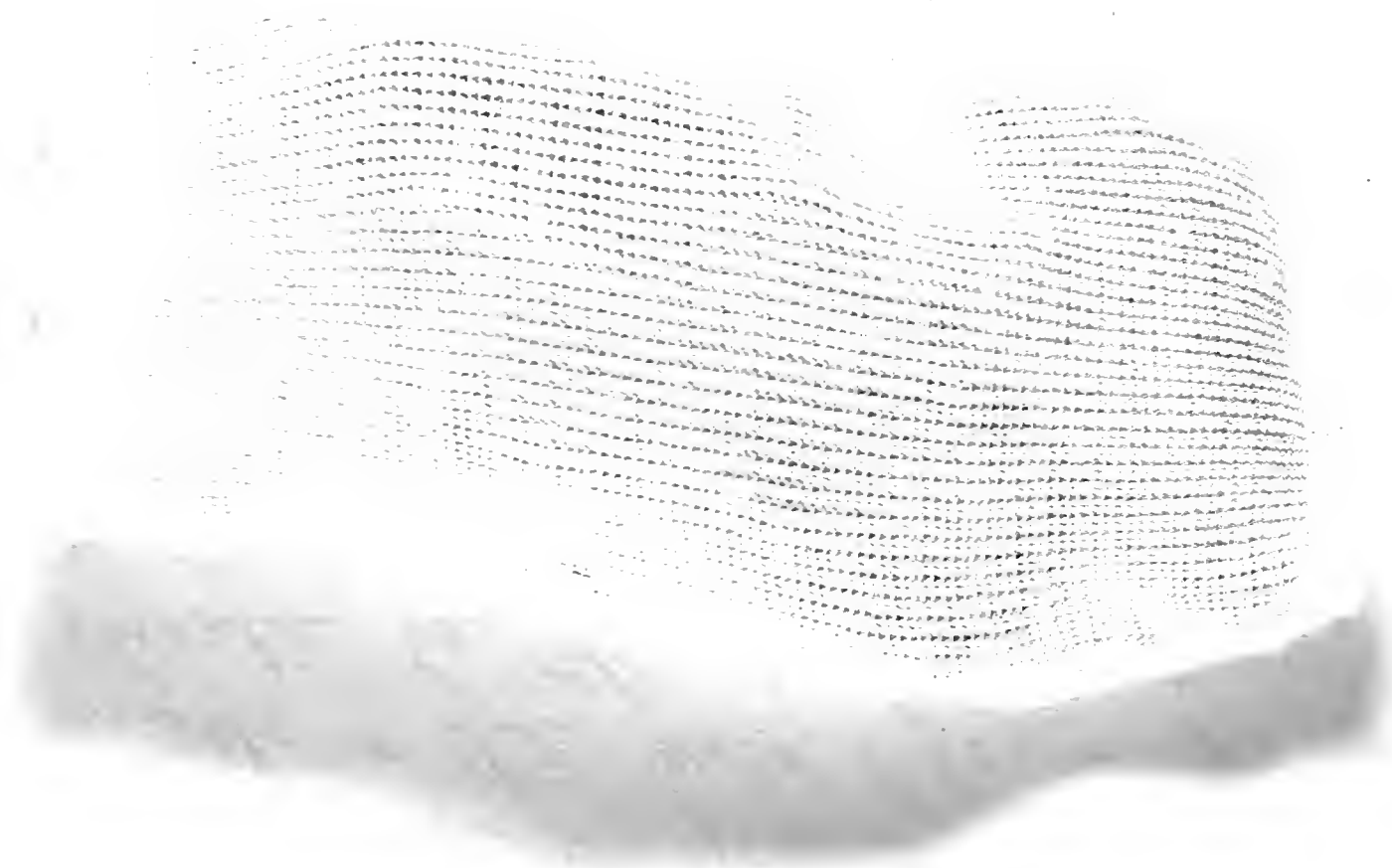
Dec 26, 1948

THE KAMPONG - 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD - COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Dear Bill -
Thank your blessed old
heart for writing that book -
It reached me just in time -
I stumbled over a rug & busted
my knee cap & was dragged
away to the hospital where
the surgeon put in a carriage
bolt and laid me aside to
recover - the bolt was alright
but the recovering has taken
some weeks -
It's a swell book and takes
me back to '97 in the Fijis

where my friend Mr. Lattrop & I
spent a week on the King's
Island of Mbau - He was drunk
and playing cards when we were
introduced to him - and all
the horrible details of cannibalism
come back as I read your
vivid descriptions of your visit
in the islands -

Two men have had such a
good time as you have with the
islands & the wild life - you
should be the envy of every
red-blooded fellow who gets a
chance at you - both - May



Grandson - Hugh - has a turtle
Crack in his back yard and
someday I hope he may see the
world as you saw it - through
the eyes of one who loved to
look at strange living things.

Merian joins me in most
affectionate regards to Lucille
& yourself - You are a great
pain - and everybody who knows
you - knows it -

As always affectionately yours
David Fairchild M. & S.

Nanny agrees with me about the need of
the out-of-doors - She longs for
the sun -

TELEPHONE
DISTRICT 3330

CABLE ADDRESS
NATGEOSOC WASHINGTON

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

GILBERT GROSVENOR
PRESIDENT

January 14, 1949

Dear Dr. Mann:

I was delighted to receive, with your compliments and your friendly autograph, the copy of your new and delightful book, "Ant Hill Odyssey," which Mrs. Grosvenor and I have read with the greatest pleasure. We sent at least ten copies to friends for Christmas.

Congratulations on this splendidly told story of your wonderfully full and interesting life!

Mrs. Grosvenor joins me in kindest regards to you and Mrs. Mann. We are leaving tonight for a few weeks in Florida.

Yours faithfully,

Gilbert Grosvenor

Dr. William M. Mann
2801 Adams Mill Road
Washington, D. C.

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Jan 9/49

Dear Bill Mann

Let me bust in to say how
thoroughly I have enjoyed your
'Odyssey' - from "To Lucile", to pp 338!

Certainly your personal milestones
have overflowed with the 'stuff o' dream'
- the things which makes your
life work at home and the
world around of never ending interest
since it is full of adventure, strangeness
& fascinating human interest contacts,
plus the high satisfaction of steadily
and importantly contributing to
worlds knowledge in many avenues
of research - David lucky guy
I call ye!

All the best to lady Lucile & you
Sincerely
Jack LaGorce

Me too,
Ethel

HOPKINS MARINE STATION

PACIFIC GROVE
CALIFORNIA

JACQUES LOEB LABORATORY
RESEARCH IN GENERAL PHYSIOLOGY

My dear Mamma,

As you probably have heard I have lost my use of the pen - except for signing my name, & that I can still do. I can think but can't always say the right words, but I thank you, both for the gift of your book - now read from *Giver to Giver* - & for these kind words. It has done my heart good & so has lengthened the days of my life.

It takes me back to the day when you graduated & I advised you to go to an Eastern College, preferably Harvard, where Dr. Wheeler was head of the Dept. of Zoology. So I wrote to him & asked if he would take you, since you were an exceptional student, with a fine mind & an interest in research. There was only one drawback I wrote him - "Right in the middle of a semester, maybe even the first, he might get itching feet & suddenly pack his bag for the far corners of the earth." And so it happened. Was it the Cannibal Islands or among the Headhunters? When you returned

HOPKINS MARINE STATION

PACIFIC GROVE
CALIFORNIA

JACQUES LOEB LABORATORY
RESEARCH IN GENERAL PHYSIOLOGY

You came back to the work you had left
as if you'd been away just a few days
People asked you if you were not
afraid to go among such people, & you
replied "Why should I be?"

"Yes sir."

Congratulations & again thanks
Herold Stark

P.S. I think the book's great!
H. H.

E. J. NEWCOMER
P. O. BOX 1291
YAKIMA, WASHINGTON

January 19, 1949

Dear Bill:

My sister gave me your book, Ant Hill Odyssey, at Christmas, and I've had a lot of fun reading it. Had not known you had written it. It has been extremely interesting to me. It is a coincidence that the article about Sinai appeared in the December Geographic.

I'm loaning your book to Bob Burrell, of our Bureau, who is stationed here now, and who I think you know. He collected parasites in the Orient and Australia for a number of years, and was caught in Japan, coming out later on the Gripsholm.

Sincerely,

E. J. Newcomer

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my mother described to
He also greatly enjoyed your book as

members every month and your book happened to be sent to him for the month of December, I believe. It appears that he was reading the book the night before the party and in the early chapters stumbled across my name. It is the story which you tell about me and the rabbits and he wanted to know if I were the same sentimental fellow whom you described, or perhaps I should say my mother described to you. I assured him that I was. He told me later when he had finished it.

My idea about the rabbits, however, is a little different from yours, although my memory may not be as good. I think you gave the rabbits to Jay all right and no doubt I spent hours reading to the rabbits. The reason I think you gave them to Jay is that the rabbits did not perish but lived and multiplied unmercifully until we had rabbits all over the neighborhood and everybody raised hell and my father decreed that we should get rid of them. The consequence

11TH, SR.
SMITH, JR.

Smith and Smith

ATTORNEYS AT LAW
411-415 FORD BUILDING

Great Falls, Montana

19 January 1949

Mr. William M. Mann
Director of the National Zoo
Washington, D. C.

Dear Will:

Thanks very much for your letter and autographs, which I have attached to my copy of "Ant Hill Odyssey". I may also say that I read the book with a great deal of enjoyment. It is one of the few books relating to natural history which I have ever read. Although I have quite a large library, I have confined my interests to the classics and history and generally have avoided most of the natural history books but have read quite a few of those concerned with travel, such as Marco Polo and so forth. However, what I started to say about your book is that I think it is extremely interesting for the most uninformed layman and might stimulate a great many younger readers to an interest in entomology. You have had a fascinating life as a result of your interest in this subject.

Last month I was attending a cocktail party, dinner and dance when the matter of your book came up in a wholly unexpected manner. The president of the Great Falls National Bank, Mr. Lee Ford, who is a native Montanan, and who has long taken a great interest in natural history, asked me at this party if I knew anyone named William Mann. I, of course, replied that I not only knew William Mann but that he had just published a book of which I had just obtained a copy but which I had not yet read and inquired why he should connect me with you. He explained to me that he is a member of the Museum of Natural History, I believe, and that they recommend a book to their members every month and your book happened to be sent to him for the month of December, I believe. It appears that he was reading the book the night before the party and in the early chapters stumbled across my name. It is the story which you tell about me and the rabbits and he wanted to know if I were the same sentimental fellow whom you described, or perhaps I should say my mother described to you. I assured him that I was. He also greatly enjoyed your book as he told me later when he had finished it.

My idea about the rabbits, however, is a little different from yours, although my memory may not be as good. I think you gave the rabbits to Jay all right and no doubt I spent hours reading to the rabbits. The reason I think you gave them to Jay is that the rabbits did not perish but lived and multiplied unmercifully until we had rabbits all over the neighborhood and everybody raised hell and my father decreed that we should get rid of them. The consequence

Mr. William Mann

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19 January 1949

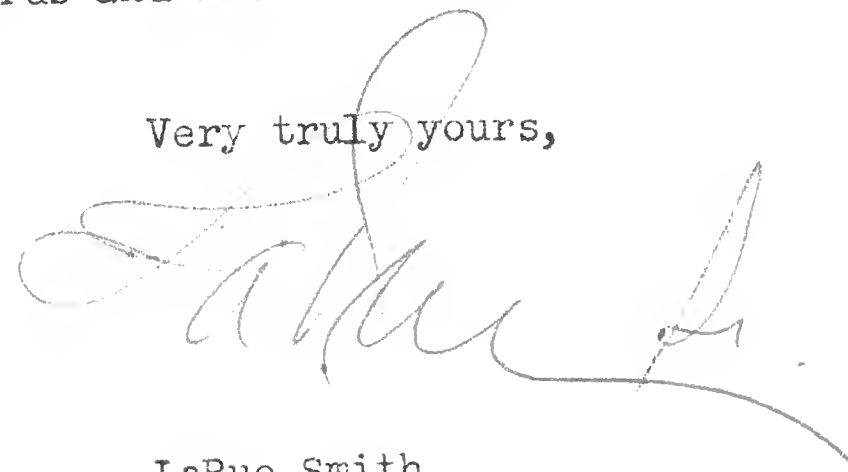
of that was, ^{ccx} I remember, that we got rid of the rabbits after a great many tearful sessions by selling them to Mack Faris, the proprietor of the Capital Restuarant, who undoubtedly had chicken on his menu as a result. Now, that was the odyssey of the rabbits in the Smith family as I recollect it.

I am getting another copy of the book to send to my Mother, who, you probably will be surprised to learn, is still alive and will celebrate her eighty-ninth birthday on the 27th of February. She is living with my sister, Sarah, at Enumclaw, Washington, and will be very much interested in your story. When I hear her version of the tale of the rabbits I will let you know if there seems to be any important variation.

With best regards and with best wishes for the New Year,

I am

Very truly yours,



LRS:S

LaRue Smith.

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Dr. And Mrs. Mann To Address Pen Women

Dr. William M. Mann, Director of the National Zoological Park, Washington, D.C., will be guest speaker at the monthly luncheon of the Alexandria Branch National League American Pen Women, Friday, March 4, 1 p.m. in the Old Club Teahouse on Washington St. He will review his latest book, "Ant Hill Odyssey."

Dr. Mann, well-known Zoologist, has traveled extensively beginning at the early age of 12 years to acquire an outstanding record of scientific research in the insect world.

Mrs. Mann, who accompanies her husband on his trips of exploration for rare and curious specimens, will be co-speaker and give the feminine version of the search for bugs, beetles, and snakes. Mrs. Mann is a noted lecturer and author of many zoological papers. Her book, "From Jungle to Zoo," is both instructive and entertaining.

Edna Johnson, Doree Publicity Chairman
Alexandria Branch, Nat. League Am. Pen Women

Dr. And Mrs William M. Mann Address Alexandria Pen Women

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise:"

... This Biblical quotation inspired the recently-published book "Ant Hill Odyssey," reviewed by the author, Dr. William M. Mann, Director of the National Zoological Park, Washington, D. C., at the monthly luncheon meeting of the local branch of Pen Women, Friday, March 4th in the Old Club Teahouse.

Mrs. William M. Mann, wife of the director, prefaced the review with a narratoin of interesting and amusing facts incident to the publishing of the manuscript which, she stated, was by the insistant request of friends and publishers. Mrs. Mann confessed her curiosity regarding the scientist's contact with cannibals; but she said he always reassured her that he liked them and that some of his best friends were cannibals.

Dr. Mann, humorist, scientist and ardent collector of insects, held his audience spellbound as he related the highlights of an exciting and profitable career. He sketched briefly his boyhood days motivated by an irresistable desire to collect bugs, butterflies, snakes, and small animals. His family had migrated from Virginia in the early 17th Century and settled in Montana. As a youth he attended Washington State College, then Stanford University, where, after desperate persuasion on his part, he was permitted to join an expedition to Brazil to hunt ants, wasps, and beetles.

Brazil is termed "a great ant nest," the speaker said, "and it is commonly known that every inch of land is daily visited by ants." Dr. Mann related the ingenious activities of these insects and their deadly methods of destruction. He stated that there are about 8,000 different kinds of ants in the insect world. Returning to the United States, Dr. Mann accepted an appointment as research assistant at Harvard University at the same time studying for his doctorate degree. As an interval of research during this period he visited Haiti, Mexico, Arabia, and Switzerland. Upon his return to Harvard he completed his doctorate and immediately embarked on an expedition to the Pacific Isles. The account of his experiences in Fiji and the Solomons will long be remembered. Concerning cannibalism, Dr. Mann stated that thru the influence of missionaries the gruesome custom has been somewhat abolished. Curious inquiry as to its origin resulted in the explanation that it was based on revenge, religion, superstition and the desire to absorb the strength of the eaten victim. After a visit to Australia, Dr. Mann again returned to the States and accepted an appointment as director of the National Zoo.

Long, Mrs. E. P. Davis, and Capt. Irving L. Daniels.

Members attending included; the mesdames: Evelyn Packard Akers, Margaret Berry, Lenore Kent Kiefer, Lilla Wood Daniels, Bertha Hurlburt Dougherty, Kathryn Gilham, Guenatta Gordon, Josephine Goodale, Jean Hermes Hayes, Marianne M. Hulfish, Ruth I. Imus, Nora O. Lambourne, Lydia Banks McCrary, Henrietta Nesbitt, Edith Yundt Otteson, Eugenie Deland Saugstadt, Emma Ferguson, Amy Alden Lowrie, and Edna Johnson Dowie.

Guests and members joined in a general discussion of zoological parks both in the United States and abroad and of unusual experiences with insects and animals in foreign countries.

During the business session preceding the luncheon, a resume of the year's activities were reviewed by the branch president, Mrs. Lenore Kent Kiefer. Tentative plans were made for the incoming year which will be supervised by a program committee. Mrs. Nora O. Lamborne was elected corresponding secretary, replacing Mrs. Anita Boutel.

Many distinguished guests were present: Mrs. Ellen Burke, Countess Helena Siera Kowska, Mr. and Mrs. Czedekowska, Mrs. Robert L. Myers, Mrs. Frank C. Creighton, Mrs. William Reed, Mrs. William Middleton, Mrs. Alden Ryan, Mrs. Theodore Morde, Mrs. Eugene Vinogradoff, Mrs. Don Cambridge Minick, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Denmore, Mrs. E. S. Wallace, Mrs. Virginia Thomas, Mrs. Henry De

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